

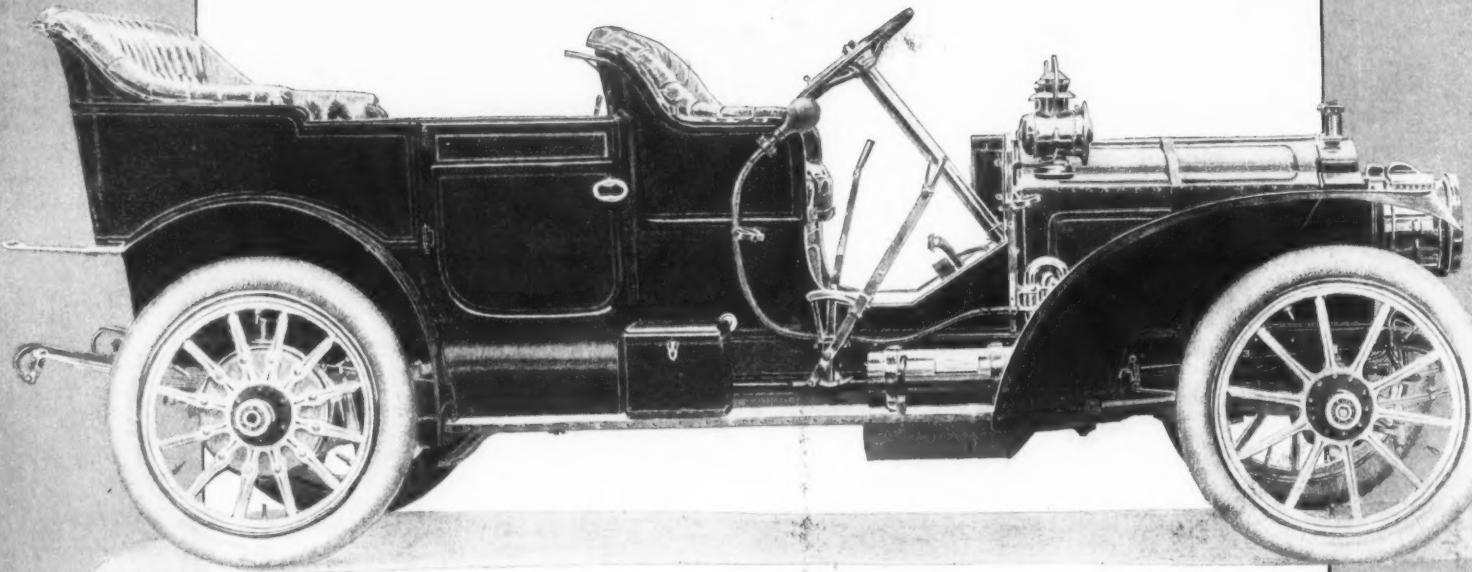
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE 1909

Packards "THIRTY"



Touring Car, in Standard Finish
and Equipment, \$4,200

Touring Car — Runabout
Limousine — Landaulet
Other Bodies — Chassis

Manufactured Entirely
in the Packard Shops

"Ask the man who owns one"

Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan



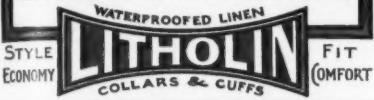
The GREATEST "small" Comforts in Traveling.

LITHOLIN WATERPROOFED LINEN COLLARS and CUFFS

They cut down baggage and expense, and keep one always looking neat with fine linen without laundering. When soiled, they wipe perfectly clean and white as new, with a damp cloth. Being linen, they look it. Not celluloid or rubber. Never wilt, crack or fray. In all the latest styles.

Collars 50c.

If not at your dealer's, send, giving style, size, number wanted, with remittance, and we will mail, postpaid. Booklet of styles free on request. THE FIBERLOID CO., Dept. 3, 7 Waverly Place, NEW YORK



STYLE ECONOMY LITHOLIN FIT COMFORT

The first improvement in Prism Binoculars.

Eighteen power magnification (other powers in proportion), with a field 607 ft. in diameter, at one mile distance, as bright from edge to edge and every detail as sharply defined as in an opera glass, is what you get in the

PERPLEX Prism Binocular

"Masterpiece of Optical Mechanism"

Anyone can clean it, because it is mechanically perfect and impossible to misalign. Not silvered, therefore non-tarnishable and totally reflecting.

Sold by optical, sporting goods and marine supply dealers. If they won't supply, we will, and guarantee to satisfy.

Same object, same distance, seen through Perplex Prism Binocular.

Free Catalogue illustrating and describing the several powers, sent on request.

AMERICAN THERMO-WARE CO., 17 Warren St., New York
Sales American Distributors

DENVER, COLO.

Brown Palace Hotel Absolutely fireproof. Service and cuisine unexcelled. European plan, \$1.50 and up. N. B. Tabor.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

New Denechaud New Orleans' latest and most modern hotel. Built of steel, brick and concrete. Fronts on 4 streets. European plan \$1.50 up

NEW YORK, N. Y.

WHY PAY EXTRAVAGANT HOTEL RATES?
CLENDENING APARTMENT HOTEL Select, Homelike, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom and Bath from \$1.50 daily to Parlor, three Bed-rooms and Bath at \$2.50 per day for the Suite, not for each person. Superior Table d'Hôte Restaurant at Reasonable Prices. Write for descriptive booklet B.

Broadway Central Hotel. Only N.Y. Hotel featuring American Plan. Our table the foundation of enormous business. A. P. \$2.50. E. P. \$1. Hotel Endicott Stat. St. and Columbus Ave. Quiet family hotel. Adjoining finest parks, museums and drives. European, \$1.50 up.

Latham 5th Ave. and 28th St. New fireproof hotel, very heart of New York. 350 rooms, \$1.50 and up. With bath, \$2 and up. H. F. Ritchey Manager.

Hotel Willard 25 W. 76th St. Pleasantly situated, overlooking the Hudson. 3 blocks from Subway. Parlor, Bedroom and Bath, \$2.00 up.

SEATTLE, WASH.

Savoy Hotel "12 stories of solid comfort." Concrete, steel and marble. In fashionable shopping district. 210 rooms, 125 baths. English grill. \$1 up.

CANADA

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN. Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial Metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 per day. Free bus to all trains. H. L. Stephens, Prop.

NIAGARA FALLS, ONT. The Clifton Directly facing both Falls. Just completed and up to date. Open winter and summer. \$4 to \$6. American Plan. Booklet on request.

Collier's

Saturday, June 20, 1908



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Volume XLI

Number 13

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Collier's National Hotel Directory

HEALTH RESORTS

CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS, PA.

Hotel Rider America's foremost "All the Year" Health, Recreation and Rest Resort. Medicinal Min'l Waters. Sanitarium Treatments. Delightful surroundings. Acc. \$60. Both planes. Reasonable rates.

WERNERSVILLE, PA.

Walter's Hotel Sanitarium All modern conveniences for Summer or Winter. P.O. Walter's Park, Pa. 94 min. from Phila.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

SARATOGA'S MINERAL SPRINGS

Over 30 in number. No two alike

No mosquitoes or malaria. All avenues and streets heavily shaded with magnificent trees. State Automobile roads in all directions. Situated directly on first foot hill of Adirondacks. Air dry and invigorating. Magnificent views of near and distant mountains. Full sized golf links splendidly maintained. First class polo field. Magnificent large and comfortable small hotels. Rates from \$10 per week up in smaller houses to from \$3 to \$6 per day up in large hotels. Saratoga Lake, with attractive road houses, 3½ miles over fine Automobile Avenue, or by Trolley Cars. Finest bath house in any resort. The Convention Hall with a capacity of 6,000 seats is one of the finest and best known in the United States. For information write to BUSINESS MEN'S ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Beach Hotel

American or European Plan

Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes An ideal resort for rest or pleasure—ten minutes ride from city, close to the great South Park System. There is the quiet of lake, beach and shaded paths, or the gayety of boating, bathing, riding or driving, golf, tennis, dancing and good music. Table always the best. Nearly 1,000 feet of broad veranda overlooking Lake Michigan. For handsomely illustrated booklet address Manager, 51st Blvd. and Lake Shore, Chicago



Prove it for Yourself!



—the reason for the snappy, responsive action of the NEW MODEL

L.C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter

With the carriage at extreme length, test it for lost motion—up, down, sidewise.

Firm as a rock, yet easy-running on Ball Bearings which travel on flat steel surfaces—there's the secret.

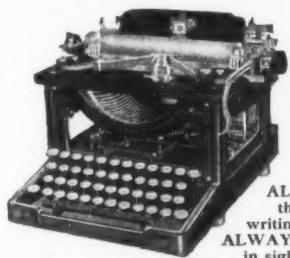
Perfect Freedom coupled with Absolute Rigidity.

"A loose carriage makes slovenly writing."

Write to-day for the Free Book.

L. C. Smith & Bros. Typewriter Co., SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Branches in all Large Cities.



SUMMER RESORTS

ADIRONDACKS, N. Y.

Adirondack Inn Sacandaga Park, N. Y. Modern hotel. No flies or mosquitoes. Free golf. C. O. Chamberlin, 239 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Grand View Hotel Lake Placid, N. Y. Open June to October. Golf, Canoeing, Tennis. All Adirondack attractions. Illustrated booklet. No Hay Fever. No Mosquitoes. Thos. Parkes.

Paul Smith's St. Regis Lake, Camp, Cottage, Casino. Hotel life. June to October. Through Pullmans from N. Y. via N. Y. Central.

ELIZABEHTOWN

The Windsor Modern hotel. Special accommodations for Auto Parties. Rooms with baths. Swimming pool. Illus. booklet. O. Kellogg & Son.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Hotel Dennis This house is delightfully located, directly on ocean and boardwalk. Walter J. Buzby.

Hotel Ostend WHOLE BLOCK BEACH FRONT. Cap. 600. Music: sea water piano: Am. plan, \$2.50 up, daily. Special rates. Coach. Box 814.

LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.

Hotel Sagamore An ideal resort on a lake unsurpassed in grandeur. June to Oct. T. Edmund Krumbholz, Sagamore, N. Y.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

The Griswold Eastern Point, New London, Conn. Finest Summer Resort Hotel in America. One hundred bedroom suites. Everything new. Opens June 20th. New Management. W. J. Fleming, Manager, 71 Broadway, New York.

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.

American-Adelphi Hotel. Choicest location. Centre of Saratoga. Splendid brick structure. All outside rooms. Every convenience.

LOCK-BUCKLES YALE PRINCIPLE Securely fasten straps and chains suit and all other cases; messenger and mail bags, pocketbooks, belts, telescopes, horses; auto-pockets, spectacles, cranks and tool boxes. Sizes: 1" 60c; 1½" 75c; 1¾" \$1.00. Trunk straps complete \$1.50 and up. Telecopse and case do. \$1.00. With automobile or traveling chain \$1.00. All prepaid. Returnable if not satisfied. Cost of mfr. too great to sell through trade. Books: Agents. LYNN MFG. CO., MADISON, WISCONSIN.

DO YOU STammer Trial lesson explaining methods for home instruction sent FREE. Gold Medal, World's Fair, St. Louis. Geo. Andrew Lewis, No. 146 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

Clark's Cruises of the "Arabic," 16000 tons Feb. 4th, Orient. Oct. 16, '08. & Cruises Round the World. Fall Tours '08 Round the World.

F. G. CLARK, TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK

YELLOWSTONE PARK Camping Trips "The GRAYHAWK." Delightful, inexpensive. For ladies and gentlemen. Illus. Hooked. Robert C. Bryant, 457 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago

SMALL COST GREAT PROTECTION
LIFE INSURANCE IN
The Prudential

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey. JOHN F. DRYDEN, President HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N. J. Send for Rates of NEW LOW Cost Policy. Dept. T

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

JUNE 20

3

The new common-sense underwear

Made on
Scott & Williams
Machines

50 cents, and up, a garment

Cool, light, sanitary and strong

The ideal underwear for hot weather

Here is a new fabric, made in a new way—the breeziest and best-wearing underwear made.

Who wants to go through the scorching summer, wearing close-knit, sticky, unsanitary balbriggan? Why not be comfortable and at the same time get your money's worth?

The patented machine which knits this new common-sense fabric does not stretch and strain the yarn in forming the little eyelets, as other machines do.

The thread is not weakened in the knitting. It does not break around the eyelets and go into ragged holes when the garment is worn. Every stitch of the yarn as it is knit into the fabric retains its original firmness and strength.

This makes the garment more elastic, and more porous; as well as stronger. It fits better, feels better and wears longer.

Four manufacturers are licensed under the Scott & Williams patents to make underwear on this machine. It is made in all styles and various materials for men, women and children; and costs no more than ordinary old-fashioned underwear.

The four labels under which it is sold are shown at the top of this advertisement.

"Plexiform" "Iletmesh" "Setsnug Mesh" "Ontario Mesh-Stitch"

On the label also appears the name Scott & Williams. Look for that and insist on seeing it.

No other fabric is or can be the same; because it cannot be as well made as on the Scott & Williams machine.

The difference may not show at a glance; but you feel it on your skin and in your pocket-book.

Tell the dealer you want the new common-sense underwear made on the Scott & Williams machine because it gives you the best value for the money. *And you know the reason.*

Show your dealer this advertisement; and if he hasn't the new common-sense underwear he will get it for you. Or write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

Write anyway for the booklet "A Machine With Brains" which tells how this common-sense underwear is made.

Scott & Williams, Philadelphia.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

A MANUFACTURER'S PERMANENT BUSINESS offer. An exceptional opportunity in operating direct sales parlor for the most attractive and comfortable shoe for men and women ever offered the public; many special features. Every person a possible customer. Kushion Komfort Shoe Co., 11 W. South St., Boston.

ADVERTISERS' MAGAZINE AND "DOLLARS & SENSE" (Col. Hunter's great book) should be read by every advertiser and mail-order dealer. Best "Advertising School" in existence. Year's subscription and "Dollars & Sense," 50 cents; sample copy of magazine free. Advertisers' Magazine, 631 Century Building, Kansas City, Mo.

START A COLLECTION AGENCY. BIG money, unlimited field, no capital needed. We teach you the secrets of collecting money and how to start spare time. Write today for free pointers and new plan. American Collection Service, 51 State Street, Detroit, Mich.

SO. DAKOTA CHARTERS—MORE LIBERAL, far cheaper than other States. Full information regarding comparative costs in various States. Banks free. Philip Lawrence, former Ass't Sec'y of State, Huron, S.D. Dept. C.

SPLENDID OPENING FOR MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES at Jacksonville, Florida. Population 60,000. Deep water port 24 feet from docks to ocean. Favorable freight rates. Distributing point for Florida, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Nassau. For further information, write H. H. Richardson, Secretary Board of Trade, Jacksonville, Fla.

BECOME A MERCANTILE MAN. START AT once. You are losing time and money. Earn while you learn. No capital required. Write us today. National Mercantile Agency, 218 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

REAL ESTATE

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

BROOKLYN REAL ESTATE IS TODAY THE wonder of the business world. Values are advancing by leaps and bounds. Coney Island property has increased 100 to 500% in ten years. This increase must spread to the adjoining property. It can go South, East, or West, and we own the adjoining property North. South Marlboro lots at \$500 are within 5 minutes of lots worth \$20,000. Sold for \$10 down. Why not own one? Send for particulars. Wood, Harmon & Company, 261 Broadway, New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

NEW COUNTRY ATTRACTS SETTLERS. Merchants, farmers, fruit growers, log-generators and others come to the Midwest West along the new trans-continental line in the Dakotas, Montana, Idaho and Washington. Maps and descriptive books free from F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago.

TEXAS

THE NEW CALIFORNIA. RIO GRANDE Valley, Texas Gulf Coast. Lands located on Driveways to the beach. California fig, orange, pecan, grape and English walnut lands in Texas at Texas prices. 10 acres in high priced winter crops and citrus fruits, equal to 160 acres northern farm lands, thus placing the new limited money lands with the rich farms of the North. No want your development rather than large payments. Free water right feeded with land. Free magazine, plats and maps. Gulf Coast Irrigation Company, 708 Postal Telegraph Building, Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, DESIGNS AND Copyrights. Information furnish'd on request. Langdon Moore (formerly Examiner U.S. Patent Office), Washington Loan and Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS OBTAINED AND TRADE MARKS registered. Moderate charge for careful work. Our booklet "Concerning Patents" mailed free. Calver & Calver, Attns., Washington, D.C. (Formerly Examiners U.S. Patent Office).

PATENTS THAT PROTECT. OUR THREE books for Inventors mailed on receipt of six cents stamp. R. S. & A. B. Lacey, Rooms 19 to 29 Pacific Bldg., Washington, D. C. Established 1869.

OF INTEREST TO MEN

HAVE YOU A GIRL? TO KNIT YOU A tie? If not, we are the largest importers in America of English Pure Silk Knit and hand-neckties. 72 colorings \$1.50, crocheted \$2. postage free. MacDonald & Campbell, 1334-1336 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

GILLETTE AND OTHER SAFETY RAZOR blades sterilized and made better than new for two cents each. Send your address for our convenient mailing wrapper. Keeneed Co., 239 Henrietta Building, Chicago.

DOGS, POULTRY, and PETS

FORCED SALE SNOW WHITE HOMERS. Mated pairs, \$1.25. Young birds, 75c per pair. Dragoons, imported stock, \$2 to \$15 per bird. Must be sold quickly. Ground occupied by "Lofts" has been sold. Costs you nothing if not satisfactory. Ref.: Kanawha Nat. Bank, W. T. Johnson, R. E. Broker, Charleston, Kanawha, W. Va.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

GLOVES—SILK AND KID—DIRECT TO YOU from the manufacturer at a great saving. Send for our new catalog. Elbow length Kid gloves at \$2.50—Elbow length Silk \$1.00—\$1.25—\$1.50. Long Glove Company, Dept. D, 94 Warren Street, New York.

BEST QUILTS FOR YOUR BEDS. BUY ALREADY Counterpanes, the staple for over 50 years. Fine in quality, beautiful in appearance. Recommended by physician; sanitary, durable; laundered easily as sheets. Write for description E. Dimity Quilt Co., Providence, R. I.

FURS REPAIRED AND REMODELED EQUAL to new at very small expense during the summer months and stored free until fall. Express your old furs at our expense; will submit estimates and fashion plates; and return furs if estimates is not satisfactory. Gutlohn Fur Co., established over 30 years, 791 Broadway, New York.

FOR THE HOME

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW ABOUT making Ice Cream and frozen desserts write for "Frozen Sweets." It shows by progressive photographic color illustrations and recipes how simple, quick and easy it is with the Lightning Freezer. Address postal to North 1 ro. Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

PIANOS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

78,000 PIANOS SOLD TO SATISFIED PURCHASERS in the last 61 years—all of the popularity of the Pianos! Pianos; delivery free anywhere; 3 years to pay; used pianos of standard makes \$125 up. Write for catalog and complete list. Pease Pianos, 128 West 42d St., New York.

Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, June 20, 1908



July 4 Convention Number

CIt is, of course, impossible for Collier's to report the Republican Convention in next week's issue. But the issue of July 4 will be the Convention Number, with all the returns in and the candidate selected. The Collier staff has shifted from Thirteenth Street to the Convention Hall, where it has been sitting in kindly judgment on the performances of our bosses and their unbribable henchmen. It has been interviewing the People's choice, and testing the platform for sincerity and durability. Samuel E. Moffett will apply the analytic probe to the candidates and their avowed policies. Arthur Ruhl will deal with the human side of the hot, intense week. He will tell of the places where thirsty delegates found relief and planned coups, and he will record the quaint little episodes that brighten the working hours of American politicians very much in earnest. James H. Hare will swivel his camera into every dramatic situation of the floor and gallery. And we hope to spread out a double-page picture of the Convention in session, if luck and the overhead lights are with us.

"Saloon" Winner

COur readers will be gladdened to know that the prize-winning contribution in the "Saloon in Our Town" contest will be published next week. One Milwaukee reader has written us a most doleful letter, stating that we dare not publish a view-point hostile to anti-saloon sentiment. Let him bide a wee, and he will have many a cheery appreciation of the liquor dealer and his shop.

CA few of the contestants sent us no address, or an imperfect address, with their manuscript submitted in the "Saloon" contest. We are carefully preserving these manuscripts, and will return each to its author if he will supply us with his street number and town name.

Indigenous Poesy Next Week

CSamuel Hopkins Adams has lightly turned him from Peruna to Poetry, and made a study of the native American Muse, as localized in a Chicago book-publishing concern that gives every yearning poet and wistful lady-writer a chance to do mysticism into print. You pay cash in advance for five copies of the book, and then it prints a thought of yours. Mr. Adams discovers a half-dozen new notes—some virile, some tender, some all-too-sad. He quotes from a San Francisco poem that goes on to say:

"God bless 'Hearst' with eyes so bright,
Who helped us through the fight,
With money and supplies those awful days!"

Mr. Adams feels that only two other living persons could have written those words. The two others are Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Ambrose Bierce. One of the strongest and most daring of the minor utterances records the passing of a good man, stating that:

"He's only gone on a flying trip,
And into the fountain of love to dip,
And then at the royal banquet to sip,
And a red trip slip for a three-cent trip,
And a yellow trip slip for a five-cent trip,
And a pink trip slip for a biff-hang-zip!
And a Rah-Rah-Rah, sellers, let 'er rip!"

There is a new pace set here for mortuary verse.

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS CLASSIFIED

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS. PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, stereoscopes 25c, views 10c, portrait pillow tops 50c, English Art Plates \$1.00. 30 days' credit. Samples and free catalog. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-132 W. Adams St., Chicago.

WANTED ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE AGENT—either sex—in every country. Secure territory at once for wonderful "Acme Cake Beater." Experience unnecessary. The Baxter-Bruschke Co., 336 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

TO SEE IT IS TO BUY IT. WE WANT agents for our up to date faucet filter; necessary to household health; easy to carry; big profits; free sample disk. Jones Mfg. Co., 243 A-6 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY MONTHLY. Metal Combination Rolling Pin—nine useful articles for the kitchen combined in one. Lightning seller. Sample free. Forbess Manufacturing Co., D153, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS MAKE GOOD LIVING SELLING wonderful self-sharpening patented scissors and cutlery. Send to us for proofs of what others are doing and you can do. C. Thomas Mfg. Co., 24 N St., Dayton, Ohio.

YOU CAN EARN BIG MONEY IF YOU KNOW how to organize an agency force. We are giving district agencies for the sale of Flako, the wonderful skirt and trouser fastener. Not sold in stores and repeat orders assured. Write at once. Clarke Sales Company, Terminal Building, New York.

AGENTS. GOOD MONEY EASILY MADE selling our 14 new patented articles. Each one a necessity to every woman and a rapid seller. No scheme. Sample to hunters. A. M. Young & Co., A60 Howland Bldg., Chicago.

MANAGER WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND county. Handle best paying business known, legitimate, new, exclusive control; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Phoenix Co., 37 West 36th St., New York.

AGENTS! OUR SWISS EMBROIDERY SHIRT-waist Patterns sell at sight. Big money made weekly. Write today for illustrated catalogue. United States Embroidery Works, 96 East Broadway, New York.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR new sign letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Easily put on. Write today for a free sample and for particulars. Address Metallic Sign Letter Co., 66 N. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—MAKE MONEY EVERY DAY while building up a permanent income; our new monthly commercial policy of accident and health insurance is a winner. Dept. E, Continental Casualty Co., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY TO sell the Transparent Handle Pocket Knife. Good commission paid. Immense profits earned. Write for terms. Novelty Cutlery Company, No. 40 Far St., Canton, O.

HIGH-GRADE SALESMEN

WANTED—NOT AGENTS OR CANVASSERS, but General Agents capable of managing sub-agents, to open branch office for Dixo, the new Disinfecting Cabinet. Enormous sales. Amazing profits. Your sub-agents make large profits. Exclusive control. Small capital brings permanent lucrative business. Parker Chemical Co., Chicago.

THE KING IS AN AUTO TIRE THAT HAS never punctured nor blown out. One that will outwear two rubber tires and then some. Some of them have been ridden over 10,000 miles. Liberal commission to good salesmen. King Leather Tire Company, 620 Wisconsin Street, Racine, Wis.

CARRY OUR POST CARDS AS A SIDE-LINE. Big money to able salesmen. Campaign and Summer seasons just opening. The most complete and best-known line in the United States. Alfred Holman Co., Chicago.

POST CARD MANUFACTURER WANTS SIDE-LINE salesmen for the largest and best selling line on the market. You buy direct from manufacturer thereby increasing your profit. Buhling & Co., 100 Lake St., Chicago.

OUR OKLAHOMA CITY LOTS SELL RAPIDLY. New subdivision opened. Unlimited opportunity for Salesmen with ability. A substantial and safe investment. Requirements required. The Davis Company, St. Louis, Mo.

AUTOMOBILES, and SUNDRIES

COMMON OIL CAUSES NINE-TENTHS OF your motor troubles. Sullivan Oil will cure them and save repairs. Filtered six times. Deposits no carbon. Free book tells. I sell direct, saving you about thirty cents per gallon. Costs you nothing if not satisfied. Write postal today for free trial offer. O. I. L. Sullivan, 50 Wells Street, Chicago, Ill.

AUTOMOBILE ACCESSORIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. Lamps, Generators, Gas Tanks, Speedometers, Plugs, Coils, Batteries and, in fact, everything for a Motor Car at prices that no other house can compete with. Catalogue free on request. Reference any Commercial Agency or any Buffalo Bank. Centaur Motor Co., 55 Franklin Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

KEEP YOUR AUTOMOBILE LIKE NEW ALL the time. Pipe of surface with cloth impregnated with Liquid Vaseline. Amazing results. Trial bottle free. Buffalo Specialty Co., 145 Ellicott Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

FORTY HIGH GRADE SECOND-HAND AUTOMOBILES for sale. Steam, electric and gasoline; full list on application; prices ranging from \$200 up. Automobile Clearing House, 230 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

CARBURETOR TROUBLES ELIMINATED. Control heart throbs of your motor by Buffalo Mechanic. Automatic Carburetor. "Heart Disease Eliminator." Buffalo Carburetor Co., 888 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOTOR CYCLES

THE M.M. MOTOR CYCLE FOR 1908 OFFERS more advantages to the agent, more splendid new features to the rider at a smaller cost, than any other machine built. American Cycle Company, Brockton, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS

IF YOUR BRAIN IS TIRED, GIVE IT A vacation reading "Mental and Physical Health," with a little talk on "Habits"; four cent stamps. Writers' Aid Ass'n, 3 Park Row, N. Y.

BOOKS and PERIODICALS

THIRTY-TWO PAGE BOOK ON RAPID CALCULATIONS, Free. Only book of the kind. Get one. One Dime mailing charge. Kwitterfigurway. F. Malone, Figure Expert, 41 Mills Building, St. Louis, Mo.

BUSINESS BOOK, FREE: TELLS HOW YOU can secure the actual daily working plans, the money-making systems and short cuts of 112 Great Big Business Men, to increase your salary—to boost your profits. System, Dept. C, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

In ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Conventionalities

Collier's

The National Weekly



P. F. COLLIER & SON, Publishers

Peter Fenelon Collier—Robert J. Collier, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street

NEW YORK

June 20, 1908

Talk

MANY A VOICE will be lifted to the firmament before November. The great quadrennial talkfest is upon us. Men everywhere will slacken work, discuss politics, and bore their families. The champions will soon draw their vocabularies and give defiance upon their shaky platforms. A great deal of air will be disturbed. Human beings will be ranked as "Republicans" or "Democrats," and soundly berated for being such. It will be a passable show, though in some ways inferior to Buffalo Bill or the Barnum and Bailey circus. A certain amount of discussion, no doubt, is a requisite of self-government, but the more valuable species is that which is sprinkled along through the months and applied to questions as they arise. Our Presidential campaigns are marked by prolonged excitement and helped on by the indolent love of an occasion on which everybody agrees to be stirred up. It is the craving of human nature for diversion. Some prefer to watch carriages or read society columns, others to dance or go to matinées, and many to follow the skilful doings of the baseball experts. For our part, we should prefer to spend the summer in exercise and the observation of nature, but instead we shall grow thin in the endeavor to discover importance in the fulminations which our gifted orators and editors are about to hurl into the eternal spaces.

Title Uncertain

WE THOUGHT OF TWO HEADINGS for this paragraph, and could not decide upon either; like the famous ass of Buridan, which starved to death between two equally attractive bales of hay. In the State of New Hampshire a certain individual was a United States district attorney and at the same time attorney for the Boston and Maine Railroad, which is a very natural and pleasant combination of employments. He got so busy, however, with his duties as a lobbyist that the President removed him. This gentleman's name was HAMLET. His successor was appointed, one designated as HORR, selected by Mr. ROOSEVELT, on the advice, of course, of the local statesmen. The point of the anecdote is that HORR is the henchman of HAMLET; and, therefore, as the French say, the more the situation changes the more it is the same. One of the headings we had in mind for this editorial was "The Importance of Politics," and one was "Folly as it Flies."

Boomerangs

IT IS USUALLY SAFE ENOUGH to do what is obviously right. Certainly it was safe for Secretary TAFT to forget consequences in speaking about General GRANT. TAFT's father was in GRANT's Cabinet, and the Secretary, so far from being hostile to the General, looks with favor upon many aspects of his Presidential career that deserve at least regret. Mr. TAFT is as fervid a partisan of his father's chief, and all pertaining unto him, as he is of his own superior officer, the present occupant of the White House chair. How ridiculous, then, that creatures presumed to be rational should solemnly attack the Secretary for mentioning one of the difficulties which his hero overcame. It was not only the excitable and ignorant who made this error. There is the old Republican war-horse, former Senator WILLIAM E. CHANDLER, dashing blindly at TAFT's speech merely because said CHANDLER is hostile to the Administration. Nothing, we surmise, but partizanship could have made such a fool of CHANDLER. Enough incidents like the Grant explosion would make TAFT's future a dozen times more secure even than it is.

The Many and the Few

THE MAJORITY used to be called the Great Unwashed. The majority, however, is increasing its supply of bathrooms, and likewise its supply of comprehension. It will not take a great many elections like the recent one in Oregon to clinch the idea that the people are likely to select better Senators than the State Legislatures have been accustomed to elect. They knew what they were doing when they made a Democrat Governor at the same time that they gave to Mr. ROOSEVELT a majority of more than forty thousand votes. They knew what they were doing the other day when they elected a Republican Legislature and instructed it to send this same Democrat to the Senate. Governor CHAMBERLAIN is the kind of man who ought to be in the Senate, and the people of Oregon have done themselves proud

in voting with freedom and not as herded party cattle. With election by the people there undoubtedly would be a number of demagogues in the Senate, but all signs are that the average would be much higher than it is to-day. Under such a system, PENROSE would not be reelected from Pennsylvania. We should probably have been spared the spectacle of PLATT and DEPEW representing big New York, and possibly of ALDRICH and WETMORE representing little Rhode Island. The *oi πολλων* are doing comfortably at present. They are rather rapidly deciding that there are a number of matters which they can manage pretty well themselves.

A Model Governor

GOOD FOR MR. HUGHES. He continues to set an example of what a public servant ought to be. He is industrious and wise. He is courageous and intelligent. He is without wrong ambition, and he devotes his power to the people's welfare. In recent vetoes he has been enforcing again the principles that investigation should precede legislation, and that there are many local matters in which interference by the State Legislature is against the best interests of self-government. He would rather fail than govern with a machine. Whatever success he has had, or may ever have, will spring from the fair use of those powers entrusted to him by the people. He is giving the citizens of his State a better education in government than they have had at least since we have been old enough to read the papers.

Poe

TOUCHED WITH GENIUS, without a doubt, was EDGAR ALLAN POE. Fitful, strange, and uncertain, his flame was nevertheless one that added to the permanent literature of mankind. It brought a new thing into the world. By some, especially by some foreigners, he is put first among literary Americans. France gives him a position incomprehensible to many Americans, even among those who love him well. His own countrymen face the question of how properly to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, which occurs next year, Poe having come into the world on January 19, 1809. No distinct plans have been made as yet. Such a literary celebration will do only good. Have any of our readers suggestions?

To the People of Wisconsin

CONGRESSMAN J. J. JENKINS publishes in the newspapers of the Eleventh Congressional District of Wisconsin a bland announcement. He is proud that he is chairman of the House Judiciary Committee:

"I appreciate, as I trust you do, that service is required in order to give a member of Congress standing and influence in the House of Representatives, and occupying, as I do at this time, a place second to none on the floor of the House. To-day the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives is the custodian of more matters of public interest than was ever confided to the care of any other committee of the House."

Ponder that word "custodian." The Committee on Judiciary was known as Mr. CANNON's morgue, and Mr. JENKINS was the keeper of it. His function was to keep safely in that Committee, or to report adversely from it, patriotic and progressive measures which would have surely passed had they been allowed to come to a vote. JENKINS was a hardworking member of that little group of five Cannon satellites who, for all practical purposes, compose the House of Representatives, against the people's good. The voters of the Eleventh Wisconsin District have an opportunity not only to put an end to JENKINS, but to instil the fear of the people in the hearts of CANNON, DALZELL, PAYNE, and TAWNEY. Moreover, the candidate against JENKINS, LENROOT, has a State record which entitles him to this larger field of usefulness.

Sleep

WHEN THE LIFE INSURANCE INVESTIGATION was in progress, a vice-president of the Mutual of New York testified that, at the last preceding annual election, only 199 votes had been cast. Everybody remarked the ease with which the insiders were able to maintain themselves in power; and, as a result of many sensations, there was, in December, 1906, a hotly contested election, with 350,000 votes. The other day came the next election. Of policy-holders entitled to vote there were 560,000. The votes cast were just 93! The com-

parison between the two votes is fruitful. The Mutual Life Insurance Company is, in form, a perfect democracy. How inert a failure would democracy be without leaders and newspapers!

Mechanics of the Stomach

IT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED by VOL MERRING, and by CANNON of Harvard, that the stomach is not a single pouch, but is divided into two chambers, during the process of digestion, by the constriction of a circular band of fibres. This practically divides it into two separate compartments, a large first pouch, which is, for the most part, alkaline in reaction; and a smaller second, or right-hand, pouch, where the food is acidulated, peptonized, and passed on to the small intestine. Salivary or starchy digestion is, therefore, not confined to the time that the food remains in the mouth during the process of mastication, but may go on for from twenty minutes to an hour in the first, or left-hand, pouch of the stomach. For the second important new discovery we are chiefly indebted to CANNON. The cupful or so of dissolved and acidulated food matter, when it has reached the pyloric pouch, is rapidly churned about in it and made still more acid by the secretions of this part of the stomach wall. Then, when a certain degree of acidity has been reached, the valve-like ring of muscle, the pylorus, which shuts off the stomach from the intestine, relaxes, the mouthful of food is squirted through it into the duodenum, and the pylorus promptly closes behind it. How this mechanism was carried out was for long a puzzle. The answer now turns out to be dramatically simple—that while the pyloric valve relaxes under the influence of acid secretions on the stomach side of it, it as promptly and certainly contracts when acid secretions are thrown into the duodenum on the *intestinal* side. This throws a flood of light upon a number of puzzling conditions of so-called "obstruction of the pylorus," "paralysis of the stomach," etc., many of which were found to be due to ulcers and other inflammations in the upper part of the small intestine, which, by keeping the secretions of this part of the canal acid, absolutely prevented the pyloric valve from relaxing. It all has the simplicity and effectiveness of the float ball-valve.

Mr. McLean's Profession

WE FIND CAUSE for reflection in the thought that the revenue for the most extensive and expensive entertainments at the national capital come in part from advertisements like this in Mr. MCLEAN'S newspaper, the Cincinnati "Enquirer":

"ACQUAINTANCE wanted. A well-to-do Southern merchant of 35, who frequently visits the city, would like to meet a small, handsome young lady of 18 to 25 who can appreciate a good time. E 63, Enquirer."

"LOOK here, girls; a nice young business man will be in Cincinnati on March 18, 19, and 20, and would like to meet a nice young lady that has a good form and one that likes theatres and a good time in general; I will show you a good time and will try and make our meeting a pleasant one; I am considered nice-looking and a fine specimen of manhood; I will do the right thing by the right girl; state age and give true description of yourself in first letter, and state where and when you can be seen; I might assist financially. Address FANCIER, Cincinnati Enquirer."

From the "Washington Society Notes" of a daily paper we learn that "Mr. and Mrs. JOHN R. MCLEAN entertained a company of 150 to-day at their customary breakfast. Tables were laid in the large dining-room at 'Friendship' and on the porch. Among the guests were a number of the ambassadors, ministers, and other members of the diplomatic and smart resident circle." What is Mr. MCLEAN'S profession?

Joy in a Hospital

TO LIE IN BED in a long hospital ward day after day, even to trundle about the room in a wheel-chair, and hear some day a band blaring in the distance, and to know that behind that band the circus parade is trooping, such is the lowest circle of childish wo-

Worthy of imitation is the management of a circus which sent to a hospital for children a part of their more easily portable performers. The little cripples were one morning electrified by the entrance to their ward of a troupe of performing monkeys, an African midget, a waltzing cat, a baby pig, a dog circus, a dancing ape, and "Abe Lincoln," the baby elephant. With them came a distinguished-looking gentleman made of whalebone, who wore costly red satin breeches and silver spangles; also a person with a white painted face streaked with black lines and ingratiating grin. The monkeys performed, the midget capered, the cat and ape did a few "Merry Widow" steps, the pig squealed, and "Abe Lincoln" stood on a barrel and waved his trunk. The distinguished-looking gentleman turned red satin cart-wheels through the air, and the white-faced individual made noises and stuck out his tongue. Then they all vanished, leaving their childish audience in ecstasy. Not a small part of the humane movement which is now passing over the world, with rapid increase, has children for its beneficiaries, and at no stage of life can so great differences in happiness and welfare be made.

Steps Ahead

SCHOOL-CHILDREN'S EYES are their most valuable aid to education. To them, learning comes most readily when it is ocular demonstration. They believe because they see. Certain principals of public schools now object to the use of highly glazed paper in text-books. They now realize the fatigue which comes from prolonged study of a diagram on a page so glossy that it throws back a glare. It is interesting to see that they make a plea for the return to the old woodcut whenever possible. They protest also against the use of long lines of type on a page, because of the difficulty in retracing a course from the end of one line to the beginning of the next. In all ways the child student has a better chance to-day than he had yesterday, and he will have to-morrow a better chance than he has to-day.

A Contemporary

AMONG MANY MAGAZINES, conducted with bias or with inaccuracy, the little pamphlet, "Charities and the Commons," shines in a naughty world. It deals with all phases of the "social movement"—child labor, women in industry, congestion, sanitation, settlements, organized charity. It is broader and more democratic than its name. The magazine is entirely dependent on the organized good will of its friends, as it has no business office, and its advertising is a tiny fraction. The articles are a fact-quarry. They are written by experts, and are passed on by experts, and range in subject from a study of industrial insurance to a paper on the health of working girls by Dr. ABRAM JACOBI. The editorials are written by EDWARD T. DEVINE, and are attractive and clear in English and sound in judgment even when they deal with matters of heated dispute.

Handicap

MISUSE OF ENGLISH WORDS may become, in time, good use. No academic rules can withstand forever the pressure of common consent. That much overworked word "handicap" may, possibly, come to mean a disability or impediment for the reason that several generations of careless writers will have insisted on thus carrying it from its original meaning. At present, however, a "handicap" is, properly, not a normal or congenital disability; it is an impediment imposed on the swift or strong. A man is not "handicapped all his life by a feeble constitution," as people constantly are asserting; it is the *swift* runner who is handicapped so that the slow runner may have an even chance with him. If, to make a race even, one man starts ten feet or ten seconds behind another, the man who starts behind is handicapped. We do not expect this editorial, however, to prevent the word from going the way of many another expression which has been wrenching an equal distance from its starting-point.

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Seasonable Sonnets

*Being the rimed appreciation of some
of those who have been at one time
or another in the race*

By GEORGE FITCH

Cortelyou

WHEN Cortelyou locks up his desk at four
And staggers home, the echoing pavements o'er,
Whom does he meet, where dawn's gray shadows lurk,
But Cortelyou, hot-footing down to work!
Work is his slave, his mistress, his delight.
Not e'en his earnest hair lies down at night.
Stuffed to the seam with labors is his life—
Save that each month he lunches with his wife.
With great success he's making one-night stands
In the departments down at Washington,
And when these trifling jobs are off his hands
'Tis likely that for President he'll run.
It might be thrifty such a chief to get
And let him be the whole blamed Cabinet.

La Follette

WHEN Bob La Follette, with defiant glare,
Leaps forth to smite the foemen of his land,
Five feet he soars into the zenith and
Six inches farther soars his fretful hair.
Of his fierce clay there was not much to spare
When stingy nature framed him; yet, 'tis true,
Both he and dynamite this virtue share:
A bit of each a wondrous lot can do.
A capsule statesman with a whirlwind's way,
Into the White House he may blow some day.
Then knaves will laugh for thinking of a land
With this vest-pocket giant in command.
Let them beware. This is a thought profound:
The buzz saw, too, is small, and smooth, and round.

Knox

CALM, cold, conservative, and slightly gray,
Before us looms the rounded form of Knox,
Whose name rhymes most harmoniously with "rocks";
Who has them, too, in comforting array.
A grave and cautious guide who knows the way
To lose all trouble in the paths which lead
Miles deep in law's confusion and delay,
He fain would help the nation in its need.
For him, no knobby club, no trenchant screed;
No music, fashioned from the magnate's groan.
The predatory trust would gladly feed
Out of his hand, subdued by love alone.
Were he to fill the presidential chair,
Would railroads go Philandering up there?



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IN THIS WORKSHOP

A Morning with the Busy, Good-Natured Executive—Satisfactory One-Minute Interviews—The Driving Force of the Man, Mitigated by a Serene Temper

"I

DON'T want either the nomination or the Presidency if that has to be done! If that must be done let Bryan do it! I won't."

Secretary Taft leaned forward, and with clenched fist smote his desk. His eyes flashed, his face was sternly set, his voice rang. For ten minutes he had been listening to a lawyer, prominent in the management of one of the great businesses of the country, who sought to know where Mr. Taft stood on certain proposed Federal legislation. When he had finished stating the case he got his answer, straight and emphatic. A principle was involved, which Mr. Taft would not sacrifice, even to gain the Presidency.

The lawyer went away, and Mr. Taft turned to the pile of papers on his desk, which is about one-third of the size of the President's and the smallest in any of the departments at Washington. But the size of a desk is a small factor compared to the ability to keep the work moving across its top. This Mr. Taft has in exceptional degree, and it takes only a few minutes in the office with him to see it demonstrated.

Mr. Taft's private office in the War Department is a room about twenty feet square, at the middle of the west side of the great building. Four windows look out upon the street. His little desk stands in the centre of the room, and he sits with his back to the windows, so that the light comes in over his shoulders. At his right is a fireplace, with a glass screen to protect him from the direct heat. Over it hangs a portrait in oil of Alfonso Taft, his father, who was Secretary of War under Grant.

In one corner stands a huge globe, a necessary fitting for the office of the Secretary of the Colonies. In another corner is a telephone desk. Two leather divans, a big, comfortable, leather chair and two or three smaller ones are scattered about. Two revolving bookcases are filled with the United States statutes at large and a mass of Department, Philippine, Cuban, and Panama Canal reports. There is scarcely space for a desk larger than the Secretary's.

Three doors lead from this room. One opens into the office of the Chief of Staff of the Army, who makes use of it many times a day. One leads out into the corridor, and by it the Secretary sometimes escapes

the crowd of newspaper men waiting in his outer office to ply him with embarrassing questions. The third opens into this outer office, where his private secretary works, with two stenographers to assist him. Beyond this office is another large room, where most of the numerous callers on the Secretary wait until he is able to receive them in his private office.

This report of one morning spent with him will give an understanding of how the Secretary is able to get through a large amount of work in a short time. It is simply a faithful narrative of what occurred, without any attempt to analyze man or motives. In the days of political stress, such as the campaign for the Presidential nomination presented, Mr. Taft saw the majority of the men who wanted to talk politics with him at his house, putting in an hour in the early morning and often several hours in the evening. His political correspondence was mostly handled for him by his political manager in the downtown headquarters. But there were still very many letters for Mr. Taft to write personally, and most of these he wrote at home. Naturally, however, it was impossible to eliminate politics entirely from office hours, and several times in the course of this day it cropped up in one form or another.

In fact, it began the day. When the Secretary arrived at about half-past nine o'clock the head of a Washington newspaper bureau was waiting for him, in quest of political information. It took him but a minute to conclude that interview, and the correspondent gave place to a Congressman who was leading the fight in the House for certain legislation. This was a long talk. The Congressman has decided ideas of his own, which are just as decidedly at variance with the ideas of Speaker Cannon on the subject. He is influential in such matters in the House, but he wants Administration support. The Secretary leaned back in his chair, with hands clasped behind his head, and listened while the Congressman, seated opposite him, talked with the utmost earnestness.

In the midst of this in comes General Edwards, Chief

of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, and the "Gentleman from _____" suspends while

some urgent business is transacted. There has been a mix-up over the action of the Marine Hospital authorities in declaring a quarantine against Cuba, although there is no yellow fever in the island. Through Provisional Governor Magooon, Cuba has made vehement protest, appealing to the friend who never failed her to prevent the injustice. Magooon telegraphs that there is no need for a quarantine, partly because there is no fever in Cuba and partly because should a case develop it could so easily and surely be stopped.

"It is as easy to prevent an epidemic of yellow fever," he declares, "as it is an epidemic of broken legs." And he knows. He has seen that dreaded fever stamped out in Panama and in Cuba, and he laughs at the ignorant fear of it.

Edwards has already prepared a cable to Magooon in reply to the protest, promising support and telling what can be done. The Secretary reads it with one comprehensive glance, gives his approval, and Edwards is gone. The Congressman has not been interrupted more than a minute.

Swift but Wise

HE broken thread is picked up and the talk goes on, with the Secretary listening intently as before. Five minutes pass thus, and then in comes Edwards again. This time it is the Philippines. The Presidential campaign here has progressed so far by now that it is apparent there will be some action on the tariff early in the next Administration. The Filipinos are very much interested in this tariff question. They have something to ask for themselves. It will be necessary for their representatives to come to Washington prepared with an array of facts and figures. Edwards has written a long cable message to Governor Smith at Manila, advising him to begin the work at once.

Again Mr. Taft looks at the paper, and with a single glance takes in all there is on it. Again he gives assent and Edwards is gone. The interruption has not been nearly as long as it takes to tell about it.

Now the Congressman is able to conclude his talk without further interruption, and goes out, passing in the doorway another Congressman who has a favor to ask of the Post-Office Department, and wants a note of introduction from his friend the Secretary of War.

Collier's

The private secretary, who comes in to take the dictation for the note, brings with him two or three telegrams from friends of Mr. Taft in various States announcing the election of more Taft delegates. It has all been serious business so far, this morning, and the proverbial humor of the Secretary has not had much outlet. This good news brings the first chuckle of the day.

Now for a few minutes Mr. Taft may attack the mass of papers piled on his desk. But he has not finished with many of them when Congressman Theodore Burton comes in to discuss a question which is already before Congress, in the shape of two or three bills, and is bound to be there for several years yet, in steadily increasing importance.

An Invitation to Heaven

HE talk now is all about one of the bills, the author of which has urged Mr. Taft to support it. The President favors it, but Mr. Taft is undecided. It presents an intricate legal problem, and his judicial mind must have satisfactory answers to certain vital questions before he can agree. When the possible appointment of a new commission is suggested Mr. Taft becomes much concerned. Government by commission is not to his liking.

"I am strongly in favor of a definite policy," he declares, "but it must be left to Congress to decide upon, through the power of appropriation. That belongs to Congress."

This talk lasts half an hour or more, with little interruptions of a minute or so at a time. Then the private secretary or the Chief of Staff enters with something that can be disposed of at once.

When Mr. Burton goes the first real hearty laugh of the morning comes. Senator Smith of Michigan brings it out. He has a party of people from his State to present to the Secretary, one of whom is going to Chicago to vote for the nomination of Mr. Taft.

They are from Ishpeming, and Mrs. Delegate tells the Secretary, as she shakes hands with him, that Ishpeming is an Indian word which means "Heaven."

"It's only a short run to Heaven," cuts in Mr. Delegate. "We shall be glad to see you there."

"I'd rather go there than to Kalamazoo," replies the Secretary. "They say that means 'Boiling Pot.'"

And with a roar of laughter the party moves out.

Nothing shows more clearly the Secretary's relation of all-around confidential adviser to President Roosevelt than the varying errands of his callers. If they favor certain legislation, they call on Mr. Taft and ask him to support it. If they are after office they appeal to him. It makes no difference whether what they desire comes under his department or not. They take it for granted that a word from him will carry weight.

In one matter the President has relied very largely upon the advice of Secretaries Taft and Root, and that is in the selection of men for Federal judgeships. A lively contest is on now over one of these places, and this morning it was the subject of several conferences. The first man who was interested in it came in right after the Michigan delegation. He was a Democratic Congressman from a State in which there has been a sharp fight over the delegation to the Chicago convention, with several resultant contests and much conflict in the accounts of what really took place.

This Congressman draws his chair confidentially close to the Secretary's, and proceeds to give Mr. Taft the real and only true report of what did happen in his State. He is a round, oleaginous man, with a face that looks just like his name. He talks softly, half-whispering, and the Secretary watches him with a curious expression of half-concealed amusement, as if wondering when the real business of the call will come out. It doesn't take long to disclose it. The Congressman straightens up, with a happy smile and the remark:

"So you see, Mr. Secretary, it looks very good for you down there." Then, with a long breath and unconcealed anxiety of expression:

"And now about that judgeship."

Then he goes on to recommend his particular candidate, and asks Mr. Taft's support. The Secretary smiles good-humoredly, lays his hand on the other's knee with an air of being about to impart something very confidential and important, and says:

"I'm glad to hear this. The President has decided, however, not to do anything about this case for several weeks yet. When it is taken up you shall know."

The Congressman does his best to look satisfied, puts in a few words more for his man, and departs, torn by conflicting emotions.

The callers have been gathering so fast for the last hour that the big outside room is filled, and it is evident that there will not be time to see each one in the private office and get through the mass of work that must be done before the Secretary goes to the station in the afternoon to start on a trip to Ohio.

So he walks out into the big room and goes through the same sort of process that President Roosevelt follows almost every morning in the cabinet-room. Mr. Taft has developed the same facility in meeting men this way that the President has. Each caller gets a minute or two, has an opportunity to state his case or make his request, gets his answer, and goes away satisfied. The whole round of governmental and personal interests is covered by this half-hour of short interviews, and then the Secretary returns to his desk, with a few minutes to give to the mass of papers. His secretary comes in with mail to be signed; the chief clerk of the War Department brings in a great batch of department routine business for signature; the chief of staff flits in and out with a dozen different matters, and, even while he attends to them all, the Secretary proceeds with the papers.

It is astonishing to see him drive through this work. There is something in it from every part of his wide

domain. Nothing seems to come to him as new. No matter what is brought to him for decision, from Cuba, Panama, the Philippines, the army, wherever it originated, he knows all about it.

All he wants now is to hear, in the briefest possible statement, the question he is to decide. Often the decision is given before the statement is completed. The proper note of it has been made, and the next time it appears it will be in the form of the prepared paper for him to sign. Then a glance suffices to show him that what he directed has been done. Often he reads a paper as he writes his name. The signature made, that matter is finished, and he turns to the next.

As he puts his name to the last this morning, enter another politician who has been on several sides, but is now protesting his unswerving devotion to the Taft cause. The Secretary listens with a half-skeptical smile to talk that doesn't deceive him for a moment. At length, as the man is describing in glowing terms how certain he is to secure the entire delegation from his State for Taft, the Secretary drops his hand somewhat heavily on the corner of his desk and remarks, with a laugh:

"We don't expect anything from your State."

The politician is so disconcerted that he can hardly speak. He flounders through a protest that he will surely get half the delegation, but Mr. Taft's directness has so upset him that he is utterly unable to drag out the request which was the real object of his call, and withdraws in confusion. As the door closes behind him, Mr. Taft explodes in scornful wrath, which changes almost instantly to amusement, and winds up in a shout of laughter.

Several times in the course of the morning the telephone has interrupted the conferences. Calls have come from New York and from Ohio, some on politics and some on business. One is from a friend in Washington who is anxious about that bill Mr. Taft discussed with Mr. Burton.

"I am going to the White House to talk about it," says the Secretary, "and will let you know later."

Now comes another applicant for that judgeship. He, too, has a story to tell about the political conditions in his State, and gives a laughable account of a convention that sets the Secretary roaring. Then he proceeds to set forth his surpassing qualifications for the judgeship. He gets a little farther along than the Congressman did. The Secretary takes a memorandum of his name and claims, but then tells him, as he did the other, that nothing is to be done for weeks.

A Sense of Justice and of Humor

EXT arrives the man to whom this judgeship has been offered, and whose declination has brought on this flood of applicants, and the President's determination to do nothing for some time. No, there is no chance for a reconsideration on his part. His refusal is based upon a reason that does not often play a part in such matters. He likes his home, and prefers to stay there. If he were judge he would have to travel about the district, and so he won't be judge.

A delegation of negroes follows him: a Treasury official, an assistant prosecutor of an Ohio county, and a former minister to Liberia. Their mission, which concerns the settlement of the affairs of the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, is not without its element of politics. Certain negro descendants of Indians were excluded from the rolls, and, as there is much property to be distributed, it is worth money to be numbered among the Indians. Whites with any trace of Indian blood in their veins were included, and these negroes want to know why the mixture with black blood should be excluded. They are after a law which will include their people.

That is a case which appeals at once to Mr. Taft's abiding sense of justice. It is a matter with which he is not familiar, however. On the statement made by his callers, a great injustice has been done, and if that is true he is ready and willing to help. Mr. Taft dictates a note to one of the Indian Senators, urging him to see what can be done in the matter. Then he turns to his callers:

"You must keep at Congress," he says, earnestly. "It is a curious body. A thing may be just and right, but somehow it is difficult to get anybody interested enough to take it up earnestly. It requires long, hard work to get anything through. Congress is always suspicious that something will be passed which should not be. But don't be discouraged. You must educate Congress, and that is a slow process. Keep at it. If you don't get it at one session, come back the next, and keep at it."

"Ah," says the ex-minister feelingly, "Senator Tillman always prevents it from passing."

"Out of his tender regard for your race?" suggests the Secretary.

"Out of his unfailing attention to us," replies the ex-minister.

They go away cheered by the sympathy of Mr. Taft, who has merely recognized another question that appeals to his unwearied altruism.

Next comes the general counsel for the Panama Canal Commission with a batch of canal matters. First is the

reply to the House resolution asking by what authority the President exercises civil government in the Canal Zone. He has written a formal letter of response, and Mr. Taft listens as he reads it. He is part way through when the Secretary pushes a button on his desk and a stenographer comes in from the outer room. Mr. Taft stops the reading and dictates for a moment. In one sentence he gives the authority. It is "the mandatory obligation of Congress upon the President to take possession of the zone and build the canal, which necessarily involves authority to maintain order there."

All the sophistry of political opposition is swept away in that one sentence, and the Secretary passes to the next thing. This is a question of bids for coal. The lawyer says the bids received demonstrate the existence of a combination among the coal men to fix the price to the Government.

"Take what we absolutely need for the present," says the Secretary, "and then see what we can do about the combination."

Still another canal matter. The Panama Railroad needs money, which the Canal Commission owes it for work done. But the Commission's accounting system has been outgrown, and is so far behind in its work that it can not fix the sum due the road. The Commission wants Congress to authorize it to lend the road \$500,000, and asks the Secretary to make the request.

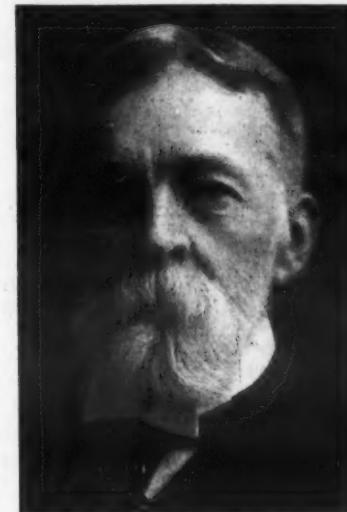
"I'm not going to do it," declares Mr. Taft with explosive emphasis. "I'm not going to fool any longer. Those accounts must be settled within forty-five days or somebody will be discharged."

Several times the private secretary has been in with matters which required only a moment, a word of direction or a signature. Toward the last he has occasionally dropped a word as to the time. It is 1 o'clock, and the Secretary is to go to the White House for consultation with the President. Now he picks up a bundle of papers and hurries away, to talk over that inland waterways question and half a dozen other things with Mr. Roosevelt.

It is 1:45 when he returns, and he is to leave at 3 for Ohio. As he does not take luncheon, he always gets in a good hour in the middle of the day while others are occupied at the table. There is a mass of department mail for him to handle now. All the letters dictated in the morning are to be signed, and there is a conference to be held with several army officers. He calls them in as he goes at the mail, the Chief of Staff, the Adjutant-General, the Chief of Artillery, and the Assistant Secretary of War. They bring bundles of papers and documents. They are talking about a proposition for reorganization of the army.

The chief clerk of the department brings in the last batch of routine department business. He sits opposite the Secretary and passes his papers across the desk for signature while the general discussion goes on uninterrupted. The private secretary comes to say that it is within ten minutes of time to go. The Secretary gathers up a pile of reports, pamphlets, and papers to be taken with him, and a clerk stows them in his grip. With four generals surrounding him and all talking at once, he goes away as the chief clerk picks up the last of the signed mail.

"He's got all the papers," says the Chief of Staff as the door closes behind the Secretary, "but he'll never look at any of them. He doesn't need to. He's got it all in his head, everything that each of us said to him."



Charles P. Taft

That Brother of Taft's

The Cincinnati Newspaper Man Who has Manipulated Destiny for the Secretary

N CINCINNATI, in a quiet corner office of a high building which he owns, with only a bookkeeper to keep him company, you will find any day, when he is not in New York looking at old masters and porcelains, a quiet, slim, white-bearded man. But for him William H. Taft might never have gone to the Philippines or become Secretary of War or a candidate for President.

"Did we beat the 'Post' on the baseball extra last night?" Charles P. Taft calls downstairs to the editor of the newspaper which he owns. He enjoys his newspaper, which has as lively headlines as any in the Middle West. Baseball interests him equally with Gainsboroughs and Sir Joshua. He owns a large interest in the Cincinnati Baseball Club, in the gas-works and street-car lines, in the leading hotel and the opera-house, not to mention much real estate; or, rather, he and his wife together. Her fortune he has multiplied.

One day the editor told him of a smart young baseball reporter who was looking wistfully at a broken-down league team and sighing for capital. "How much do you want?" Charles P. asked the reporter. "One hundred thousand dollars!"—"Very good!" said Charles P., who had been watching that young man for a year. "We'll go into partnership." A quiet man who makes business deals in this fashion naturally needs only a bookkeeper, and when he wants a stenographer he can send for the one downstairs in the editor's office.

Collier's

Everything the "Herr Doktor," as he was called among his fellow American students at Heidelberg, has touched since he came home from finishing his education in Germany seems to have turned into money or art. He has been a Republican, mostly with the local boss, though sometimes against him. On the hoardings of the city he has been cartooned villainously as a sinister "interest," and smiled over it and bought another china jar. In matters of music and art, Cincinnati agrees that he is her foremost citizen. "How do you like the interior of the hotel?" he asks the visitor from out of town, for Charles P. looked to the mural decorations in person. They are deservedly praised.

In the evening he goes to an old-fashioned house, once the Longworths', whose domestic establishment is maintained for less than that of many houses occupied by a man of one-twentieth his income. But no one of moderate means could afford such furnishings. To be vulgar about it, there are well over a million dollars' worth of art treasures in the Taft home.

Dealers say no false masters or imitation hawthornes have been sold to him. He has the discrimination of the wise buyer and the taste of the connoisseur. Seated among china of the Ming Dynasty he reads the baseball extra of his lively newspaper. He never brings business home unless it is William H.'s campaign. William H.

is poor. He knows nothing of fortune-winning. The only way he could make money would be by practising law.

Charles P. is willing to have fame in the family, but it must all descend on one member. From the day that the elder brother saw the gift of Will for making friends and for dictating in an easy way a legal analysis of a bundle of documents, that younger brother has been a hobby surpassing all the old masters. He has always been trying to show Will the road to opportunity, knowing that once Will was started he could do the traveling himself.

When McKinley wanted to send the younger brother to the Philippines, Will was all for declining. He wanted to remain on the bench. Charles P. argued far into the night in favor of going. When Roosevelt asked the Governor to return and take the Secretaryship of War, Will, who may be "slow to take a new job, but is a stickler when he is on it," said he wanted to finish his task in the Philippines. "Come home!" said Charles P. in chorus with the President. Then Roosevelt said: "Get out and run for President. You're the right man to carry out my policies." "Get out and run," Charles P. repeated. But William H. did not. This was something new and indefinite. He did not exactly understand how, so his active friends thought. The only running he did was out and home to look

after all the unfinished tasks that the President had given him.

Then Charles P. concluded that if William H. would not run he should be run. One morning Charles P.'s name actually appeared in his own paper. Under his signature he announced that William H. Taft was a candidate for President before the Republican primaries in Ohio against Senator Foraker for both Senator and President.

He threw down the gauntlet smartly. Then he went to Columbus for a day, and when he returned he told the bookkeeper that he had engaged Arthur I. Vorys and rented a set of offices for the Taft campaign.

"Vorys!" gasped the politicians. "He's no political organizer!"

Possibly Hitchcock still thinks he is not. But Brother Charles P. got the Presidential delegation from the State of Ohio early enough for the other States on the fence to see, and William H. is started on a fresh journey where, of course, he must do his own traveling as he has before.

If Brother Will is elected, as Charles P. sits among his Gainsboroughs, Sir Joshuas, and black hawthornes, he ought to chuckle over that triumph as heartily as he does over beating the deadly rival on getting the baseball extra into the suburbs.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

The National Game

Left-Field Foraker: "Say what you please, fellers, it was Theodore's curves that shut us out"

To Editor COLLIER WEEKLY which are a good advertising and spiritualistic medium about proper subjects, but must not mention patent medicines because of doped results.

ASTEAMED SIR:—

T ARE not merely Japanese alone which is surprised & excited over Rep National Convention meeting in Chicago. All-colored persons is stimulated by it including Hon. Strunsky, Irish salooner by corner.

"It will be very august assembly, corrode Hon. Strunsky by beer-glass."

"It will be June assembly in newspapers," I devote. I am suspicious of something humoristick by American eye-wink from that Strunsky.

"Them Rep National Convention will be like a whale-fish," he presume.

"Why will it be so whalish by nature?" I ask to know.

"Because of," he-say. "It will be very large, very cool and full of spouts."

"Are it not wrong politick for Republicans to be so fishy?" I am next to require, but Hon. Strunsky become busy with intemperate customers.

Newspaper reading of press makes all Japanese Boys feverish of mind about such Conventions which are representative and something else. Presidents is manufactured & pulled apart by such a Conventions. Are it not instructive for Japanese Boys to learn how to do such things with Presidents? So we have such a Convention for ourselves & trade pretty numerous thoughts together in dime-room of Patriots of Japan Board & Lodging. Many ideas are burst by this.

Bunkio Suguchi, Japanese taylor, sound key-note to say,

"I represent a violent Tafty sentiment; therefore I should be interrupted by cheers."

This are arranged from all.

"I make an emotion," discourse this Bunkio, "that Hon. Taft be named by exclamation."

"We are eager to make Tafty exclamations," rotte F. Matsu, "but Hon. Roosevelt must be nominated first by request."

"Hon. Nox are more safely Pennsylvanian to vote for," erupt W. Furo who are a humorist because of his lame mind.

Arthur Kickahajama, missionary boy, say-so, "Tarified statesmen must stand patsy, resulting in plus victory for Jo-uncle Cannon. He are a splendid Lincoln Republican because of."

"Because of which?" transfer Nogi. "Because of sentimental whiskers," dally Arthur.

"You are a Favorite Son," say Nogi, who is expert in mean curses.

More insults is enjoyed. Then there is hits followed by jiu jitsu. Chair-furniture is smashy to window including text-book & Japanese break-a-brack. Intermission by Police.

Japanese Boys Rep Convention adjourned sine die.

"WHAT is so scarce as a day in June?" require to know Hon. Seth Lowell, American poet. Answer to this is, "Republican Convention in June are still more scarce." It will of surely be a nice weather-condition for Chicago in June to have all them assorted minds going assimilously in middle of Lake Shore. All sections of Chicago, which are not already occupied by Mayor Busse, will be full of Hon. W. Taft. Flags bunted everywhere with thrills. Patriotism enjoyed by all.

Since great World's Fire of 1898 Hon. Chicago have not saw anything outside of Hon. Stockyards so beautiful & talented. If you got some kind of brain, Mr. Editor, imagine with it! Imagine 992 desperate

Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy

By HASHIMURA TOGO

XXVI—The Conventional Meeting of Reps in Chicago

statesmen which has all signed the pledge to vote for something, then approach together for purpose. Could eye-flash be omitted, could heart-sob be out, could speeching with voice be neglected for such occasion? Answer is, No! Put imagination opera-glass on them great Congregation. East & West, North and some sections of South, hit together in firm bond of union with common devotion of patriotic thought, "Let us see Chicago and go home!" Loyal sons of same fairish land parading under

"What will be key-note of Republican Convention?" require that childish Japanese.

"You are too young to imagine," I collapse. "There must be 47 key-notes to please all variety of Republicans."

"Such a chairman should be a brass band," signify Little Annie.

I am silent for reply.

"Why are Senator Burrows called 'Julius Caesar'?" are next question for that infant mind.

"Julius Caesar are name of an-



Loyal sons of same fairish land parading under banner of the Nice Old Party with placards to show how harmonious they feel

banner of the Nice Old Party with following placards to show how harmonious they feel:

"We Want Teddy."

"We Don't."

"Hon. Fairbanks is Tall & Fair."

"Hon. Nox Is Short & Ugly."

"Hon. Cannon Is a Big Boom."

"Hon. Cannon Are a False Report."

"We Want Senator Forker."

"We Want Rockefeller—but We Can't Have Him."

"A Close Shave for Gov. Hughes."

"Hon. Taft Will Put Down the Trusts."

"Hon. Cannon Will Put Them Down More Gently."

"Roosevelt Forever!"

"It Looks That Way!"

Mr. Editor, if you can imagine them things it will not be necessary for you to buy ticket to Chicago. And yet them Convention will be a great service to see because so much of.

Every State in this Hon. Union will be misrepresented by some great man or another. Oftenly two or three statesmen will do this. Brains will enjoy fatigue from enormous Thought.

Prominent druggers of Chicago will get some permits to sell headache powders to Delegates before & after speeches. When nothing else seem important the Hon. Band will play Star Spangled Banner (national tune) and Hon. Delegates will play Poker (national game). Excitement will never lax.

LITTLE Annie Anazuma, eight-year-aged daughter of I. Anazuma, Japanese barber, are excited about them Convention because she have a conventional mind.

"I read by papers, Uncle Togo," she-say, "that Republican Convention will spend \$3,000 for music."

"Musical chins is expensive," I deploy.

"Tell me to know, Uncle Togo," she submit, "what are a Temporarial Chairman about which so much reading is done of lately?"

"A Temporarial Chairman are a musician hired to toot key-notes for such a Convention," I arrange.

tique Statesman who was stabbed," I berate.

"Will Hon. Burrows enjoy such a stabbing?" she talk off.

"Possibly never," I derange. "Hon. Burrows will resume Hon. Chair as a very much instructed Delegate. He are instructed to look patriotic, but not to act too nervous about it. He must not do nothing to stampede them Convention."

A room full of Delegates are like a yard full of mule-horses. They are shy about sudden noises. They have animal natures. They are very anxious to enjoy a stampede. If Hon. Temp. Clairman say "Roosevelt!" of sudden with voice, then such kick-over, snort, hoof-tramp squeal & pandemonium might ensue that Hon. Roosevelt might be nominated before Hon. Fire Dept. could burst in & put out enthusiasm with wet hoses. Temp. Chairman must arouse Republicans in soothng sort of way. He are allowed to mention patriots of Bunko Hill; but about San Juan Hill nothing to said. American Colonial History are nice thing for such occasions.

"Patriots & Senator Penrose,"

would be quiet sort of beginning.

"What happen on bleak New English coast by several centuries of pastime?" Hon. Plymouth Rock was dis-

cover by boat Mayflower."

"Several cheers for Presidential Yacht!" outcry California Delegate with stampeding motion of thumbs.)

"Pilgrim Parents grew that Rock and we can prove it," dehude that Hon. Temp. & Republican Party are deliciously like them Plymouth Rock, emblem of free & brave, beautiful American ideal covered with moss and in garments green indistinct in the twilight. Quotation from Longfellow—"

"Our ticket, Fairbanks & Longfellow!" say voice from Indiana.)

"Plymouth Rock have stood stationery for 1,000's of year and re-

fused to move itself for nothing or nobody. That are a very dignified lesson for Republican Party to stand on."

"Banzai for Cannon & Fort!" de-

crey voice with New Jersey accent.)

"Plymouth Rock are a silent tribute of strength. One safely sane Republican President should be such a silent tribute. What say Hon. Dan Webster about Presidential candidates? He-say, "A roaring stone pleases no bossa." Therefore let us do nice job by Republican faith, a faith what is builded on stones of ancestors and rocks of Wall Street."

"(Faint shrieking of 'Teddy!' from uninstructed Arizona delegate, Stampede repressed by fire-drill.)"

"Are Hon. Caesar choice of Administration?" enquire little Annie.

"So sorry to reply," I dement. "Hon. Beverage are more sweetheated to Hon. Administration, but patriotic Senators say he are too intemperate with talk."

"Prohibition Republicans is opposed to all Beverages," abrogate little Annie resuming doll-play of childhood.

HON. TAFT got back shortly where he was sent to study Republican Majority. He are now nervous about a trip to Philippine Islands where he is anxious not to be needed till after Convention have got through with him. Hon. Taft do not seek no nomination, but he are willing to occupy address where he can be found if looked for. Philippine Islands is too distant for such modesty. If duty called Hon. Taft to such farness away, I bet my bootware he would hear duty making race-riot in Chicago during middle of June.

Hon. Taft are largest Policy-holder in Roosevelt Insurance Society. He will be nominate so easily that it appear deceptive. I know because I am aware. I am sometimes full of rejoice that I have not got a ticket for that Hon. Convention, because it would be a tired thing to set for 5-day race in them Convention Hall to hear something happen what you know is arranged in advance.

M R. EDITOR, newspaper-press of all-colored politicks has enjoyed considerable agony about White Shadow of Administration hovering over them Convention.

I presume of my knowledge that Hon. Roosevelt are setting in them Light House at Washington suffering from pains in laughing-bone. He hear them Malefactors nervously chattering teeth about III Term, he are conscious about excitement from Subsidized persons which looks over shoulders for fearful of More of It; he are aware of very solidified O-Hio curses with instructions to Look Out.

But Hon. Roosevelt, setting in barber-chair at Light House are smoking smoke and carving on deathly end of Big Club following instructions,

"To be Preserved in Alcohol until Needed in 1912."

"You have been President once and ½," say Jacob Riis from press chair.

"Of sure I have," say Hon. Pres., "and I gave American audiences a very nice performance."

"Every good performance deserve an encore," admire Hon. Riis.

"I have been hunting them for several year," say Hon. Roosevelt for parlazed expression of thought.

"And many of them are still alive & savage."

"What you speak of," enquire Hon. Riis, "them Trusts?"

"No," renig Hon. Roosevelt.

"them Bears."

"What else to do when all is over?" require Hon. Jake.

"I shall go to Wales and hunt rabbits."

"Why such distances awny?" derange him.

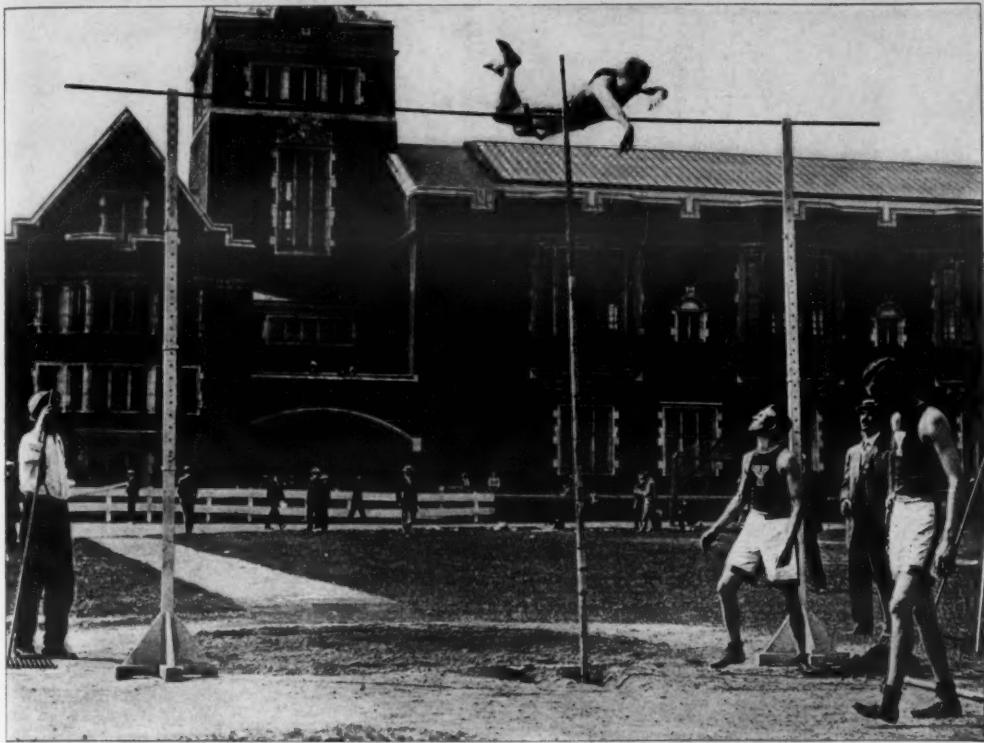
"Wales is nice country for rests. In Wales they do not know a rebate from a rabbit."

After this is loud scratching from pencils.

Hoping you will send me a free wire telegraf if Hon. Roosevelt gets elected by mistake,

Yours truly,
HASHIMURA TOGO.

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Gilbert of Yale, who broke the world's pole-vault record, clearing the bar in one of the preliminary jumps



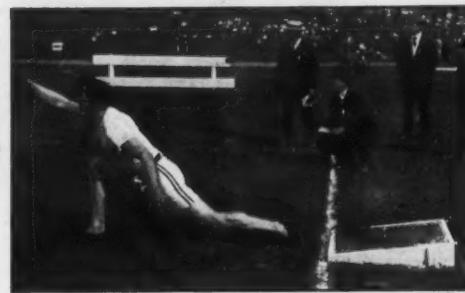
The bar at 12 feet 7 3/4 inches, the new pole-vault record



Ray C. Ewry, champion "standing" high jumper



Taylor, the negro runner of the University of Pennsylvania, winning the 400-meter race



Martin Sheridan, the winner of the discus-throw



At the water-jump in the steeplechase. The runner in the water is the winner, T. A. Eisele, N. Y. A. C.



W. W. Coe, Jr., winner in the shot-put

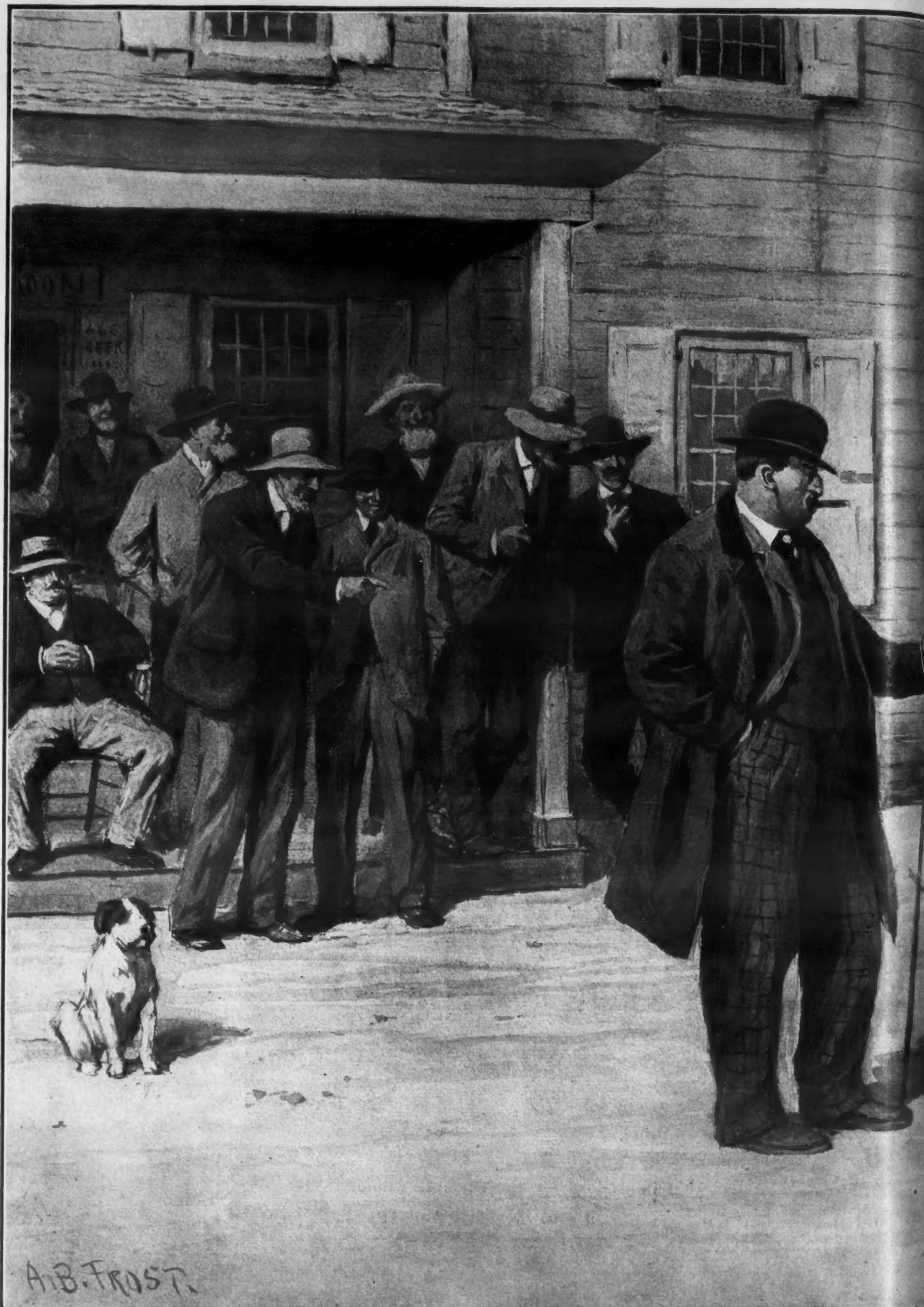


Lawson Robertson, winner, and J. K. Rector, second, in the 100-meter dash. Rector is the new Virginia sprinter, who is said to have done 9 2/5 in the hundred

American Competitors for the Olympic Games

THE try-outs for the team which is to represent America at the Olympic games in London indicate that this year's delegation will be quite as strong as those which won the other Olympic games for America, if not stronger. The meet at Philadelphia on June 6 was really a battle between the N. Y. A. C. and the Irish A. A. C., in which the former won seven firsts and the latter four. A great deal of interest was aroused by the 100-meter sprint, in which Rector, the new Virginia sprinter, who is said to have done 9 2/5 in the hundred, and Dan Kelly, holder of the world's record of 9 3/5, were entered. Rector won the first heat in 10 4/5 seconds, equaling the world's record for the distance, made by Jarvis of Princeton at the Paris Olympic games

of 1900. He was very nervous in the final heat, was penalized a yard, and lost by about a foot to Robertson of the Irish A. A. C. Gilbert of Yale made a new world's record in the pole vault, beating W. R. Dray, the former record holder. Dearborn of the N. Y. A. C. made a new record for throwing the discus, "free style," of 139 feet 11 inches. Shepard, Irish A. A. C., made a new Olympian record in the 800-meter run of 1 minute 54 seconds. The 400-meter hurdle was won by Bacon of the Irish A. A. C., in 54 4/5 seconds, another new Olympic record. The only event in which the contestants showed bad form was the javelin throw. Adams of the N. Y. A. C. could do no better than 131 feet 6 inches. The Olympic record is 175 feet 6 inches.



A.B. FROST.

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The "Hoss" Trade-Mark C

Drawn by FROST



rade—Diamond Cut Diamond

Fiddles

*The Lovable Vagabond who Fell
by the Snare of the
Fowler*

By

F. HOPKINSON
SMITH



"This fellow insists you know him," said the officer of the law."

HIS is Marny's story, not mine. He had a hammer in his hand at the time and a tack between his teeth. "Going to hang Fiddles right under the old fellow's head," he burst out. "That's where he belongs. I'd have given a ten-acre if he could have drawn a bead on that elk himself. Fiddles behind a 44 Winchester and that old buck browsing to windward"—and he nodded at the elk's head—"would have made the village Mayor sit up and think. What a picturesque liar you were, Fiddles"—here the point of the tack was pressed into the plaster with Marny's fat thumb—"and what a good-for-nothing, breezy, lovable vagabond!"—(Bang! Bang! Hammer at play now)—"you could be when you tried. There!"

Marny stepped back and took in the stuffed head and wide-branched antlers of the magnificent elk (five feet six from skull to tips) and the small, partly faded miniature of a young man in a student cap and high-collared coat.

I waited and let him run on. It is never wise to interrupt Marny. He will lose the thread of his talk if you do, and though he starts off immediately on another lead, and one, perhaps, equally graphic, he has left you suspended in mid-air so far as the tale you were getting interested in is concerned. Who Fiddles was and why his Honor the Mayor should sit up and think; why, too, the miniature of the young man—and he was young and remarkably good-looking, as I well knew, having seen the picture many times before on his mantel—should now be suspended below the elk's head, would come out in time if I loosened my ear-flaps and buttoned up my tongue, but not if I reversed the operation.

"Ah, you young fraud," he went on—the position of both head and miniature pleased him now—"do you remember the time I hauled you out from under the table when the hucksters were making a door-mat of your back; and the time I washed you off at the pump, and what you said to the gendarme, and—No, you never remembered anything. You'd rather sprawl out on the grass, or make eyes at Gretchen or the landlady—fifty, if she was a day—maybe fifty-five, and yet she fell in love" (this last was addressed directly to me; it had been reminiscent before that, fired at the ceiling, at the hangings in his sumptuous studio, or the fire crackling on the hearth), "fell in love with that tramp—a boy of twenty-two, mind you—Ah! but what a rounder he was! Such a trim, well-knit figure; so light and nimble on his feet; such a pair of eyes in his head, leaking tears one minute and flashing hate the next. And his mouth! I tried, but I couldn't paint it—nobody could—so I did his profile: one of those curving, seductive mouths you sometimes see on a man, that quivers when he smiles, the teeth gleaming between the moist lips."

I had lassoed a chair with my foot by this time, had dragged it nearer the fire, and had settled myself in another.

"Funny name, though, for a German," I remarked carelessly—quite as if the fellow's patronymic had already formed part of the discussion.

"Had to call him something for short," Marny retorted. "Feudels-Shimmer was what they called him in Rosengarten—Wilhelm Fuedels-Shimmer. I tried all of it at first, then I bit off the Shimmer, and then the Wilhelm, and ran him along on Fuedels for a while, then it got down to Fuddles, and at last to Fiddles, and there it stuck. Just fitted him, too. All he wanted was a bow, and I furnished that—enough of the devil's rosin to set him going—and out would roll jigs, hullabos, fandangoes, serenades—anything you wanted; anything to which his mood tempted him."

Marny had settled into his chair now, and had stretched his fat legs toward the blaze, his middle distance completely filling the space between the arms. He had pushed himself over many a ledge with this same pair of legs and on this same rotundity, his hand on his Winchester, before his first ball crashed through the shoulder of the big elk whose glass eyes were now looking down upon Fiddles and ourselves—and he would do it again on another big-horn when the season opened. You wouldn't have thought so had you dropped in upon us and scanned his waist measure, but then, of course, you don't know Marny.

Again Marny's eyes rested for a moment on the minature; then he went on:

"We were about broke when I painted it," he said. "There was a fair of some sort in the village, and I got an old frame for half a mark in a pawnshop, borrowed a coat from Fritz, the stableman, squeezed Fiddles into it, stuck a student's cap on his head, made it look a hundred years old—the frame was all of that—and tried to sell it as a portrait of a 'Gentleman of the Last Century,' but it wouldn't work. Fiddles's laugh gave it away. 'Looks like you,' the old man said. 'Yes, it's my brother,' he blurted out, slapping the dealer on the back."

"Where did you pick Fiddles up?" I asked.

"Nowhere," answered Marny; "he picked me up. That is, the gendarme did who had him by the coat collar."

"This fellow insists you know him," said the officer of the law. "He says that he is honest and that this rabbit"—here he pointed to a pair of long ears sticking out of a game bag—"is one he shot with the Mayor this morning. Is this true?"

"Now if there is one thing, old man," continued Marny, "that gets me hot around the collar, it is to see a brother sportsman arrested for killing anything that can fly, run, or swim. So I rose from my sketching stool and looked him over: his eyes—not a bit of harm in 'em: his loose necktie thrown over one shoulder; trim waist, and so on down to the leather leggings buttoned to his knees. If he was a poacher and subject to the law, he certainly was the most picturesque specimen I had met in many a day. I had, of course, never laid eyes on him before, having been but a few days in the village, but that made the situation all the more interesting. To rescue a friend would be commonplace, to rescue a stranger smacked of adventure."

"I uncovered my head and bowed to the ground. 'His Honor shoots almost every day, your Excellency,' I

said to the gendarme. 'I have seen him frequently with his friends—this young man is no doubt one of them—Let—me—think—was it this morning, or yesterday, I met the Mayor? It is at best a very small rabbit'—here I fingered the head and ears—and would probably have died of hunger anyway. However, if any claim should be made by the farmer I will pay the damages'—this with a lordly air and I with only a week's board in my pocket.

"The gendarme released his hold and stood looking at the young fellow. The day was hot and the village lock-up two miles away. That the rabbit was small and the Mayor an inveterate sportsman were also undeniable facts.

"Next time," he said sententiously, with a scowl, "do you let his Honor carry the game home in his own bag, and he walked away.

"Oh, you just ought to have seen Fiddles skip around when a turn in the road shut out the cocked hat and cross-belts, and heard him pour out his thanks. 'His name was Wilhelm,' he cried out; it had only been by chance that he had got separated from his friends. Where did I live? Would I let him give me the rabbit for a stew for my dinner? Was I the painter who had come to the inn? If so he had heard of me. Could he and his friends call upon me that night? He would never forget my kindness. What was the use of being a gentleman if you couldn't help another gentleman out of a scrape? As for Herr Rabbit—the poor little Herr Rabbit—here he stroked his fur—what more honorable end than gracing the table of the Honorable Painter? Ah, these dogs of the law—when would they learn not to meddle with things that did not concern them?"

"And did Fiddles come to your inn, Marny?" I asked, merely as a prod to keep him going.

"Yes, a week later, and with the same gendarme. The cobbler in the village, who sat all day long pegging at his shoes, and who, it seemed, was watch-goose for the whole village and knew the movements of every inhabitant, man, woman, and child, and who for some reason hated Fiddles, on being interviewed by the gendarme, had stated positively that the Mayor had not passed his corner with his gun and four dogs on the day of Fiddles's arrest. This being the case, the gendarme had rearrested the culprit, and would have taken him at once to the lock-up had not Fiddles threatened the officer with false arrest. Would the Herr Painter accompany the officer and himself to the house of the Mayor and settle the matter as to whether his Honor was or was not out hunting on that particular morning?

"All this time Fiddles was looking about the dining-room of the inn, taking in the supper-table, the rows of mugs, especially the landlady, who was frightened half out of her wits by Cocked Hat's presence, and more especially still little Gretchen—such a plump, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed little Dutch girl—with two Marquise pig-tails down her back. (Gretchen served the beer, and was the life of the place. 'Poor young man!' she said to the landlady, who had by this time come to the same conclusion—and he is so good-looking and with such lovely eyes.)

"When we got to the Mayor's the old fellow was asleep in a big armchair, his pipe out, his legs far apart—a keg-shaped kind of a man, with a head flattened on his shoulders like a stove-lid, who said 'Ach Gott' every five minutes, and spluttered when he talked.

"I went in first, leaving the two on the porch until I should send for them. I didn't know how things were going to turn out and had become a little anxious. I had run up from Munich for a few weeks' outdoor work and wanted to stay out, not behind iron bars for abetting crime.

"Your Supreme Highness," I began, "I have heard of your great prowess as a sportsman, and so I wanted to pay my respects. I, too, am a shootist—an American shootist." Here I launched out on our big game (I had been six months in the Rockies before I came abroad, and knew what I was talking about). He was wide awake by this time and was listening. Dropping into the chair which he had drawn up for me, I told him of our elk—"As big as horses, your Honor"; of our mountain lions—savage beasts that could climb trees and fall upon the defenseless; of our catamounts, deer, wolves, bears, foxes—all these we killed without molestation from anybody; I told him how all American sportsmen were like the Nimrods of old. How gallant, then, for a true shootist to be misunderstood, derided, denounced, and arrested for so insignificant a beastie as a rabbit. This indignity my very dear friend, Herr Wilhelm Fuedels-Shimmer, had suffered—a most estimable young man—careless, perhaps, in his interpretation of the law, but who would not be—that is, what sportsman would not be? I had in Wilhelm's defense not only backed up his story, but I had gone so far as to hazard the opinion to the officer of that law, that it was not on some uncertain Tuesday or Friday or Saturday, but on that very Wednesday, that his Supreme Highness had been wont to follow with his four accomplished dogs the tracks of the nimble cotton-tail. Would his Highness, therefore, be good enough to concentrate his giant brain on his past life and fish from out his memory the exact day on which he last hunted? While that was going on I would excuse myself long enough to bring in the alleged criminal.

"Fiddles stepped in with the easy grace of a courtesan accustomed to meeting a Mayor every day of his life, and, after a confirmatory wink from me, boldly asserted that he had followed behind his Honor—had really assisted in driving the game his way. His Honor might not remember his face, but he surely must remember that his Honorable Honor had extraordinarily good luck that day. The rabbit in controversy—a very small, quite a baby rabbit—was really one his Honorable and Most Supreme Honor had himself wounded, and which he, Fiddles, had finished. He was bringing it to his Honor when the estimable gendarme had stopped him.

"And what day was that?" interrupted the Mayor.

"On last Wednesday."

"The cobbler said it was Tuesday," said Cocked Hat. "On this point hangs the case. On which day did his Honor take the field with his dogs?"

"There was a dead silence, during which the Mayor's eyes rested on the culprit. Fiddles returned the look, head up, a smile on his lips that would have fooled the devil himself. Then his Honor turned to me and said: 'My memory is not always very good, but this time the cobbler's—who is a meddlesome person—is even more defective. Yes, I think it is quite possible I was hunting on last Wednesday. I can sympathize with the young man as to the size of the rabbit. They are running very small this year. My decision therefore is that you can let the young man go.'

"Oh, but that was a great night at the inn. Gretchen was so happy that she spilled the beer down the apothecary's back and the landlady could talk of nothing but Fiddles's release. But the real fun began an hour later, when shouts for the Herr Mäbler, interwoven with the music of a concertina, made me step to the door. Outside, in the road, stood four young men—all pals of Fiddles, all bareheaded, and all carrying lanterns. They had come to crown the American with a gold chaplet from gilt paper, after which I was to be conducted to the public house where bumpers of beer were to be drunk until the last pfennig was spent.

"On hearing this, Gretchen, the landlady, the apothecary, the hostler, and the stable boy—not the cobbler, you may be sure—burst forth with cries of: 'Hip! Hip!—Hock! Donder und Blitzen!' or whatever they do yell when they are mad with joy.

"Then the landlady broke out in a fresh place: 'No public-house for you! This is my treat! All of you come inside. Gretchen, get the mugs full—all the mugs—Sit down! Sit down! The Herr Painter at the top of the table, the Herr Feudels-Shimmer on the right; all the other Herrs anywhere in between. Hock the Mäbler! Hock the Hunter! Hock everybody but the cobbler!' Here a groan went round. 'Hock! Hip! Blather skitz for the good and honorable Mayor, who always loves the people!'

"And Hock! too, for the honorable and good-gendarme!" laughed Fiddles, dropping into his chair. "But for him I would be in the lock-up instead of basking in the smiles of two such lovely women as the fascinating landlady and the bewitching Gretchen."

"After that Fiddles and I became inseparable. That I hadn't a mark over my expenses to give him in return for his services—and there was nothing he would not do for me—made no difference. He wouldn't take any wages; all he wanted was to carry my traps, to sit by me while I worked; wake me up in the morning, be the last to wish me good night. Soon it became a settled fact that, while the landlady fed two mouths—mine and Fiddles's—and provided two beds—Fiddles in the garret—my single board bill covered all the items. That is the Herr Painter and his servant; she would say to inquiring strangers who watched us depart for a day's work, Fiddles carrying my easel and traps.

"This went on for weeks—might have gone, on all summer but for the events which followed a day's outing. We had spent the morning sketching, and on our way home had stood opposite a wide-open gate—a great baronial affair with a coat-of-arms in twisted iron, the whole flanked by two royal lamps.

"Step inside, Master," said Fiddles. "It is hot, and there is a seat under that tree: there we will get cool."

"It's against the rules, Fiddles, and I don't know these people."

"Then I'll introduce you."

"He was half-way across the grass by this time and within reach of a wooden bench, when an old lady stepped out from behind a tree—a real old aristocrat in black silk and white ruffles. She had a book in her hand, and had evidently been reading.

"You should have seen the bow Fiddles gave her, and the courtesy she returned.

"Madame the Baroness," said the rascal, with an irradiating smile, "has been good enough to ask us to accompany her to the house." As I approached them: "Permit me to present my friend, Madame, a distinguished American painter who is visiting our country, and who was so entranced at the beauty of your grounds, and the regal splendor of your gate and château that rather than disappoint him—"

"You are both doubly welcome, gentlemen. This way, please," replied the old lady with a dip of her aristocratic head; and before I knew it, we were seated in an oak-paneled dining-room—with two servants in livery tumbling over each other in their efforts to find the particular wine best suited to our palates.

Fiddles sipped his Rudesheimer with the air of a connoisseur, looking at the ceiling now and then after the manner of expert wine-tasters, and complimenting the old lady meanwhile on the quality of the vintage. I confined myself to a glass of sherry and a biscuit, while Fiddles, rising from his seat, later on, stood enraptured before this portrait and that, commenting on their coloring, ending by drawing an ancient book from the library and going into ecstasies over the binding and type.

"There was, so far as I could see, no change in Fiddles's manner on our way home to the inn from the

château. Neither was his speech or gait at all affected by the bottle of Rudesheimer (and he managed to get away with it all). I mention this because it is vitally important to what follows. Only once did he seem at all excited, and that was when he passed the cobbler's corner. But then he was always excited when he passed the cobbler seated at work—so much so sometimes that I have seen him shake his fist at him. To-day he merely tightened his jaw, stopped for a moment as if determined to step in and have it out with him (the cobbler, I afterward found out, was to leave the village for good the next day, his trade having fallen off, owing to his being so unpopular), and then, as if changing his mind, followed along after me, muttering: 'Spy-informer—beast'—as I had often heard him do before.

"Judge of my astonishment then, when, an hour later, Gretchen came running into my room wringing her hands—I had caught him kissing her the night before—and burst out with:

"'He is under the table—the truckster's feet on him—He is there like a dog—Oh, it is dreadful! Mine Herr—won't you come?'

"'Who is under the table?'

"'Wilhelm.'

"'Where?'

"'At the public-house.'

"'How do you know?'

"'Fritz, the stable boy, has just seen him.'

he had absorbed—we carried him out into the stable yard, and I held his shapely head, with its beautiful hair a-frowze, while a stream of cold water from the pump struck the back of his head and neck.

The poor fellow stared around wildly as the chill reached his nerves and tried to put his arm around me, then he toppled over again and lay like a log. Nothing was left but to pick him up bodily and carry him home; that I did, with Fritz's, the stable-boy's, help, Gretchen carrying his cap, and the landlady following behind with his coat, which I had stripped off when his head went under the pump. The bystanders didn't care—one drunken man more or less made no difference—but both of the women were in tears. 'Poor Wilhelm! Somebody had drugged him; some wicked men had played a trick,' etc., etc. I thought of the Rudesheimer, and then dismissed it from my mind. Something stronger than Rhine wine had wrought this change.

"We laid him flat out on a cot in a room on the second floor, and dragged it near the open window so he could get the air from the garden, and left him, I taking the precaution to lock the door to prevent his staggering downstairs and breaking his neck when he came to.

"The next morning, before I was dressed, really, a row downstairs brought me into the hall outside my door, where I stood listening over the banister. Then came the tramp of men, and three gendarmes mounted the steps and halted at Fiddles's door.

"Bang! bang! went the hilt of a short-sword on the panel. 'Open, in the name of the law!'

"'What for?' I demanded. Getting drunk was not a crime in Rosengarten, especially when the offender had been tucked away in bed.

"For smashing the face of a citizen—a worthy cobbler—the night before, at the hour of eight, really—just as he was closing his shutters. The cobbler lay insensible until he had been found by the patrol. He had, however, recognized Fuedels-Shimmer as the—'

"But, gentlemen, Herr Fiddles was dead drunk at eight o'clock; he hasn't stirred out of the room since. Here is the key, and I unlocked the door and we all stepped in, Gretchen and the landlady close behind. They had told the officers the same story downstairs, but they would not believe it.

"At the intrusion, Fiddles rose to a sitting posture and stared wonderingly. He was sober enough now, but his heavy sleep still showed about his eyes.

"The production of the key, my positive statement, backed by the women, and Fiddles's wondering gaze, brought the gendarmes to a halt for a moment, but his previous arrest was against him, and so the boy was finally ordered to put on his clothes and accompany them to the lock-up.

"I got into the rest of my duds now, and began waving the American flag and ordering out gunboats. I insisted the cobbler had lied before in accusing Fiddles of shooting the rabbit, as was well known, and he would lie again. Fiddles was my friend, my servant—a youth of incorruptible character. It is true he had been intoxicated the night before, and that I had in consequence put him to bed, but that was entirely due to the effects of some very rare wine which he had drunk at a luncheon given in his honor and mine by our very dear friend the Baroness Morghenslitz, who had entertained us at her princely home. This, with the heat of the day, had been, etc.

"The mention of the distinguished woman's name caused another halt. Further consultation ensued, resulting in the decision that we all adjourn to the office of the Mayor. If, after hearing our alibi—one beyond dispute, and submitting our evidence (Exhibit A, the key, which they must admit exactly fitted the lock of Fiddles's bedroom door), his Honor could still be made to believe the perjured testimony of the cobbler—Fiddles's enemy, as had been abundantly proved in the previous rabbit case, when the same mendacious half-sober and heelers had informed on my friend—well and good; but if not, why then, the resources of my Government would be set in motion for the young man's release.

"The Mayor's first words were: 'Ah, you have come again, is it, Meinher Marny; and it is the same young man, too, Herr Fuddles. Well, well, it is much trouble that you have.' (I'd give it to you in German, old man, but you wouldn't understand it—this to me in a sort of an aside.)

"Fiddes never moved a muscle of his face. You would have thought that he was the least interested man in the room. Only once did his features relax, and that was when the cobbler arrived with his head swathed in bandages. Then a grim smile flickered about the corners of his mouth, as if fate had at last overtaken his enemy.

"Of course, the Mayor dismissed the case. Gretchen's tearful, pleading face, the landlady's positive statement of helping put the dear young gentleman to bed; the key and the use I had made of it; the reluctant testimony of the officers, who had tried the knob and could not get in until I had turned the lock, together with the well-known animosity of the cobbler (and all because Fiddes had ridiculed his workmanship on a pair of shoes the boy had left with him to be half-soled), turned the tide in the lad's favor and sent us all back to the inn rejoicing.



"Nothing was left but to pick him up bodily and carry him home"

"Some weeks later Fiddles came into my room, locked the door, pulled down the shades, looked under the bed, in the closet and behind the curtains, and sat down in front of me. (I had to return to Munich the next day, and this would be our last night together.)

"You have been very good to me, Master," he said with a choke in his voice. "I love people who are good to me; I hate those who are not. I have been that way all my life—it would have been better for me if I hadn't." Then he leaned forward and took my hand. "I want you to do something more for me; I want you to promise me you'll take me home to America with you when you go. I'm tired dodging these people. I want to get somewhere where I can shoot and hunt and fish, and nobody can stop me. I snared that rabbit; been snaring them all summer; going to keep on snaring them after you're gone. I love to hunt them—love the fun of it—born that way. And I've got something else to tell you—here a triumphant smile flashed over his face—"I smashed that cobbler!"

"'You, Fiddles!' I laughed. 'Why, you were dead drunk, and I put you under the pump and—'

"Yes, I know you thought so—I intended you should. I heard every word that you said, and what little Gretchen said—dear little Gretchen! I had studied it all out, and to play drunk seemed the best way to get at the brute, and it was; they'd proved it on me if I hadn't fooled them that way—and again his eyes snapped and his face flushed as the humor of the situation rose in his mind. 'You'll forgive me, won't you? Don't tell Gretchen.' The light in his eyes was gone now. 'I'd rather she'd think me drunk than vulgar, and it was vulgar, and maybe cowardly, to hit him, but I couldn't help that either, and I'm not sorry I did it.'

"But I locked you in," I persisted. Was this some invention of his fertile imagination, or was it true?

"Yes, you locked the door," he answered, as he broke into a subdued laugh. "I dropped from the window sill when it got dark—it wasn't high, about fifteen feet, and the waterspout helped—ran down the back way, gave him a crack as he opened the door, and was back in bed, by the help of the same spout, before he had come to. He was leaving the next day and it was my only chance. I wasn't gone but five minutes—maybe less. You'll forgive me that too, won't you?"

Marny stopped and looked into the smoldering coals. For a brief instant he did not speak. Then he rose from his chair, crossed the room, took the miniature from the wall where he had hung it and looked at it steadily.

"What a delightful devil you were, Fiddles. And you were so human."

"Is he living yet?" I asked.

"No, he died in Gretchen's arms. I kept my promise, and two months later went back to the village to bring him to America with me, but a forester's bullet had ended him. It was on the Baroness's grounds, too. He wouldn't halt and the guard fired. Think of killing such an adorable savage—and all because the blood of the primeval man boiled in his veins. Oh, it was damnable!"

"And you know nothing more about him? Where he came from?" The story had strangely moved me. "Were there no letters nor note-books? Nothing to show who he really was?"

"Only an empty envelope postmarked 'Berlin.' This had reached him the day before, and was sealed with a coat-of-arms in violet wax."

hold me, but I always crawled out with a terrified look on my face, as I breathed: "Ah, me!"

You can imagine the effect. If I heard applause enough to warrant a curtain call, I had to jump into the men's arms as if I were escaping from a burning building.

"If you're going to play 'stock,'" said the manager, "you got to get used to making any kind of an entrance, from heaven down to the other place." Anything goes in "stock." No understudies. If an actor failed to appear, the plot was switched around to suit the emergency, or the house was closed. Pathos was laid on with a shovel. "Cry, you! Cry all through that scene!" the stage-manager would yell, and pull out a red bandanna and show me how till the whole company had a fit.

Frightened Into Art

ASKED him one day, after rehearsal, to go in front and see how I did a certain scene. "See here," he exclaimed, "I drill this play till Saturday night, and it has to go that way till the curtain goes up on Monday. I don't care what happens then; my work's done." This was his spirit; he worked like a journeyman, turning out balusters on a lathe to a fixed pattern, dropping his work when the whistle blew. The performances showed the mechanical results plainly. I was at the theatre once in Buffalo watching a production that was so wooden and overdone that I turned to my companion, an old actor, and said:

"I could swear that this show was put on by Williams! Look at the way that girl rises on her lines with that sudden jerk! Can't you see how it was rehearsed? She has actually frightened into it, the way Williams used to swear at us."

"That's queer," said my friend, "for Williams is running this show!"

We played two performances a day, and rehearsed for the next week's piece till noon every forenoon. Not a freshening occupation. But so we rushed through; it was a demoralizing process. I have known actors who have been big favorites in stock companies to get positions in Broadway productions and make complete failures.

There was one friend of mine who had a way of shifting his feet in a peculiar, original way. "What the devil are you dancing like that for?" the star demanded. He had done it in "stock" and always got a laugh.

The "Stock" Wardrobe

UT the costumes in "stock" were a more serious problem than the acting. I received forty dollars salary, and often I had to have two fifty-dollar gowns in one week. I dressed the part my best, however, and trusted to the next week's rôle being some "outcast" character part where the costume wouldn't be any expense. It was hardly possible to wear the clothes on the street—they were too extreme, and would be noticed anywhere.

As the stage-manager never gave directions as to such minor details as costumes, the result on the stage was often ludicrous. At the representation of an afternoon tea, one character would wear dimity, one would come out in a worsted frock, and another would consider that a crêpe-de-Chine gown was the proper thing. Often I had to double parts and come on first as a maid with a dress full enough to cover a tucked-up trained gown, the result being that I looked as if I weighed two hundred pounds. "Oh, hell!" said the stage-manager. "I don't care how you look. You'll have to double six or seven times often enough if you stay in 'stock'!"

The "Stock" Favorite

HE audiences were most amusing. We had a regular clientele, and once having won favor, every new appearance, whether the acting was good, bad, or indifferent, insured an enthusiastic reception. The matinée spectators were mostly young girls, among whom I happened to be popular. I slipped into the house, one day, and took a seat in the rear to watch the performance, having no idea that I would be recognized. But as soon as the curtain went down I was surrounded by girls of fourteen and fifteen years, offering me congratulations and caramels. "She spoke to me first, now!" "No, she spoke to me—didn't you, Miss Davis?" Young girls used to wait at the stage door and come up to me and ask if they could walk to the car with me. Often I would hear one say, disappointedly: "Why, she doesn't look sad at all, off the stage, does she?"

On Thursday afternoons it was the custom of the theatre to send not only flowers but packages over the footlights to favorite members of the cast, and there was a great rivalry in presents. I have received underskirts, shirt-waists, silk stockings, rings, bracelets, and even knitted slippers from old ladies. I looked "so much like her dear, dead daughter!" What bored us most was the Thursday afternoon receptions on the stage. We had to stand up and talk and smile to whoever appeared, drink tea or eat ice-cream in democratic equality. "Mother liked you so much last week that we came to see you to-day!" they would say. The leading man called himself cynically "The Servant Girls' Pet," and he had the worst of it, generally. The "heavy" was, as a villain, invariably severely snubbed. He didn't mind it a bit.

All this experience had made me a sort of theatrical Jack of all trades and bade fair to make me a mistress of none. The practise in going on and taking a part without a rehearsal served me in good stead later, but I had grown careless and lost polish. I decided to refuse the offer of an engagement the next season, and set about finding a new position.

The Making of an Actress

An Anonymous Autobiography in Three Parts

Part III—Up and Up, and Hard it is to Climb—Stock Acting with its Great "Pie Scene" and the "Servant Girls' Pet"—the King of Playfolk and What He Taught



"Thursday afternoons the leading man had the worst of it generally"

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Y NEXT engagement, in a stock company in New York, was better training, although, for the while, it bade fair to destroy whatever talent and originality I had. A stock company is always in a hurry, always working against time; there's no chance for serious study, for subtlety, refinement, or art. It makes an actor careless, but it does develop confidence wonderfully, and gives one ease on the stage. The crudest player will, by having to do so many roles, acquire a facility, though often a dangerous facility.

I was engaged for a week only, to play the second part in "The Royal Box," and so, at the Saturday matinée, I was paid off. About a week later, the manager sent for me and said that there had been so many inquiries at the box-office as to whether I was in the bill or not, that he wanted me to return. The inquiries were all from young girls, I found out later. So, I opened in "The Belle of Richmond," and made the worst failure of my life. Oh, the play was a success, fast enough; it ran two weeks, in fact, it was so popular; but, from my own point of view, it was a wretched performance. I was never at ease; I couldn't seem to carry out my conception of the part. At the end of the second act, in

the "pie scene," we usually had eight or nine curtain calls, but I felt that I had played virtually a different character from that in the first act. One gets used to doing anything that will bring a "hand" or a laugh, and my rôle was inconsistent all through.

The "Stock" Stage-Manager

THE stock company is ruled dictatorially by the stage-manager, who rushes things through in the quickest, which is, of course, the most conventional, way. Often I went on in an act that had not been rehearsed at all, the lead going his way, and I mine, supporting each other as well as we could.

Gestures, positions, and reading of the lines were all ordered according to the stage-manager's memory, and were as unchanging as the laws of the Medes and Persians. "Giggle!" he would command, and, because some woman, years ago, had felt like giggling, I had to giggle whether I felt it or not. "Sit on the bench with your feet on the ground!" No chance for anything original, no chance for thinking things out, even had we the time to study the rôle and attempt our ideas.

I objected to having to make an entrance crawling up a ladder too short to reach a crazy, wiggling balcony, when I played Juliet. He detailed three men to

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This time I determined to get into a good company where I could learn something. I had wasted too much time. A year is a long while for an actress. So I went out for the star that I wanted, an artist, a genius.

Seeing a Great Star

WHEN, at last, I got an interview with his manager (it was easier now), he said that there was no use at all in trying; but I kept on going just the same. I didn't miss a day except Sundays that entire summer. In addition, I wrote a letter to the star himself at his country place. He answered in the most courteous way and told me to speak to his manager about it! As if I hadn't spoken every day for months! However, the reply had its effect. The manager told me, confidentially, the day the principals were coming to be engaged for the forthcoming production, and that the star would probably be there at the office. He told me to appear as if by chance, and, by being on the spot, something might be done for me. I did as he suggested, and, while all the principals were waiting, I boldly knocked on the inside door. To my delight it was opened and I was admitted. The star was there! I had a bad attack of stage fright. "Oh, this is Miss Davis, the young lady who wrote to you," said the manager, casually, and I was face to face with the most famous actor on the American stage.

He looked at me curiously, then he told me he had little to offer—only bits. I said I would take anything if I could only be with him. The least possible smile on his face reassured me and put me on my mettle. "What's the salary?" he asked. "Twenty-five," whispered the manager. I knew the other girls were getting from eighteen to twenty dollars; my every-day persistency had some effect, after all, though this was the lowest salary I had ever received. I trusted to prove myself worth more, when I got on the stage.

With a Swell Company

IHAD an ensemble part of only three lines. Recalling how I had missed my chance before, I was determined not to be caught that way again, and to watch for any opportunity, and put out all that was in me. I knew no one, and wasn't afraid. More than all, my admiration for the star put me on my mettle as nothing in the world could have done. It was my ambition to attract his attention if I could. It was no little comfort, then, at the close of the rehearsal, to hear the manager say that the star had called me "the queen of the bunch."

At the second rehearsal I won two lines that hadn't been in my part. One of these was the cue for the star's entrance, and was, consequently, very important. There was such a commotion going on (what with girls rollicking about and fiddles squeaking) that the girl who originally had the lines couldn't be heard. The star objected, and told the stage-manager that he couldn't depend on any one but Miss Davis to give him his cue. You may imagine how delighted I was, and if I ever failed to make my voice heard!

So it went on, and, by watching and thinking a little, I managed to have more and more lines given me until, before the week ended, I had most of that scene to myself. I had already climbed up one rung on the ladder before the production began. It was a relief to be again in a company where intelligence counted.

There was another scene in the play that they were having difficulty with. Two special girls had been engaged to do some terrific screams and peculiar, weird cries. They failed absolutely in getting the character of the thing, and the star was disgusted. I asked permission to try the lines, as I had formed an idea that I thought he might like. First came the star's lines, then another character's. The contrast between the two voices gave me the conception for my own tone and rendering to key with theirs. I was tried immediately, and succeeded. I got no praise, but knew more than to expect that. At the end, the star simply walked past me, and said, with his whimsical smile: "Well, where did you come from, anyway?" It was enough for me. I was not only allowed to add this part to my ensemble work but, on the strength of my success, I was given the understudy for a part in another play.

When the rehearsal for this next piece was called, the woman whom I was understudying didn't appear. I was called on to rehearse her rôle. By this time I had been working on it for two weeks; I knew it forward and backward, and had studied out all the possibilities for business. But I pretended to read the lines from the book at sight, and the consequence was that I appeared phenomenally bright. I tried my best to act nervous, but, as the leading lady hadn't looked at her part, the contrast was decidedly to my advantage.

"Think of that woman getting \$200 a

week!" said the star. "Can't you read even 'and' and 'but'?" Here's this girl on a \$25 a week salary putting it all over her!" This woman had got her position through her intimacy with a popular actress, but the pull didn't save her. She was discharged at the end of the week.

I was then given the part I had understudied in the first play, and was expected to understudy, also, every principal part in the repertoire.

It didn't take me long to have all the parts letter-perfect. I never commit lines to memory, the way scholars prepare their lessons. That would be futile. Usually, I first read the part over carefully, then I try to form a mental picture of the character. With this character well in my mind, I read the play over again and again, fitting the person to the speeches and the situations, imaginatively, trying to experience the sensations depicted, as if I were that person myself. I see the whole thing in a series of changing pictures to which the words attach themselves naturally. Thus, with no conscious effort of memory, I grow to know and feel the part. Knowing the play so well in this visual manner, it is almost impossible to forget the lines. Concentration is the only thing necessary, and that absorption carries one through the act unconsciously.

The Art of Listening

ONE of the star's hobbies was the art of listening. He used to say that an actor could be judged better when he was not speaking than when he was—by the way he digested, so to speak, what the other was saying. Even if he had his back turned to the speaker, that back should be expressive. I recall a little dialogue that occurred at rehearsal which illustrates his point of view. The star stopped suddenly in his speech and said to the man who was supporting him:

"Well, what are you doing?"

"Why, I've finished. That's your cue."

"And what have you to do, now?"

"Why, nothing; I'm waiting for you to end your speech."

"That's just it!" cried the star, in disgust. "Nothing to do! You stand there, with your mind wandering, and your whole body shows it! Why, your part right here is ten times more important than the speech I'm delivering! You're thinking of something else, just

'waiting,' and my lines have no effect whatever. No wonder people call you a stick!"

That set rule of the stage, too—the absurd duck for the door, the pause there, the repetition of the line or the laugh, with one hand on the door-knob—that I had seen so much of in "stock" was the star's especial abhorrence. He was noted for his quick, clean exits.

The Inspiration of a Genius

ILEARNED so much more than I can ever tell. But we had to get it all for ourselves. "I'm not running a school of acting," he would say. If one couldn't do the thing right, there would be another person taking his place in ten minutes. But, with scarcely ever an actual piece of advice, he taught me more than any one else had been able to show me.

"Are you comfortable in saying that line?" he would ask, in kindness, or in sarcasm. He held that acting should be the direct expression of individuality, and that no two persons should necessarily deliver the same lines in the same way. "Reciprocity in acting" was a phrase which began to mean much to me—the taking of the tone from the previous speech, striking the same key, the same spirit, holding the emotion up to its highest level without causing fatigue to the audience. If you don't know what this "reciprocity" means, listen to a good, lively quarrel! After all, what he taught me was what all artists teach, to observe life.

I listened to his lines with constant delight. Never monotonous, always filled with light and shade that held one's attention, and occasionally exploding into a sudden, terrific emphasis that would electrify the audience. Thought was behind every word. He showed me depths of finesse in my part. He taught me what "unction" meant, that power of personality, of feeling, that prevents an audience yawning through a dead scene.

"Faster! Faster!" he used to exclaim, at rehearsals, and few seemed to understand that he did not mean mere time. He meant that the heart should beat with temperament, magnetism, verve. When he played, it was as if he reached out a hand and clutched his audience, and, once having held them, he could do anything he willed with them.

When the time came, in my gradual rise, that I took an important scene with him, his inspiration kindled me with enthusiasm. He seemed to challenge me to come up to his greatness. I played, not to please the audience, but only, God knows, to please him! I had no thought of the house; I knew, only, that he was firing me. I dared for the first time let myself go all the way in unconsciousness of myself—it was like a gorgeous battle with him—had I shown weakness, he would have crushed me flat with his own abandon, this own potent emphasis. I learned to think every speech swiftly, before it passed my lips, and then use the line like a foil, feinting, lunging, and parrying like a fencer. He kept me in nervous tension that was like intoxication. He was like a strong man inciting me to jump further than I dared. To play opposite him, hear him "shoot" a word, flash a sentence full of color, throw off an expressive, violent gesture, weave me about with imagination, passion, romance—how can one tell the lesson that genius teaches?

My star is dead. I go to the theatre, now, and wonder when there will be such another...

They used to call us "players." Some of us call ourselves "professionals." The Pullman porters call us "show folks," the newspaper humorists, "actresses." But now I dare call myself an actress. And, if I am one, he made me.

The Great White Way

FAILURE on Forty-second Street! Failure on Broadway! The electric-lights spell it out in red, green, and white lamps, all along

the Great Lane from Twenty-third Street to Long Acre Square. Show after show a frost. Company after company disbanded. Stars in vaudeville, five thousand lesser folk like me chasing the agents without hope. Was there ever such a year for theatrical folk?

I saw Mallett, the other day, on a cross-town car. Mallett, the prettiest and sauciest of us all in the dressing-room, the best clad, the best groomed, in a mangy squirrel coat and rubbers on to hide her ragged shoes. "Anything doing?" "Nothing for a year! Say, Davis, could you lend me a five till Monday?" She told me that Mamie Platt is a chambermaid in Des Moines and can't get out of town! If you knew Mamie Platt, and her diamonds!

Well, you don't know of a position for an actress, do you? Not exactly a lady—a bit too hard and too cold for that—but a woman with brains enough—to write this. Yes, I'd take fifty a week and say: "Thank you!"





Sixteen Live Teddy Bears for the Fleet

These cubs were presented, May 25, one to each ship, while the fleet was at Seattle. The bears are to be enlisted as mascots.

Starving School-Children

WHEN Mr. Robert Hunter asserted in his book, "Poverty," that "there must be thousands—very likely sixty or seventy thousand children—in New York City alone who often arrive at school hungry and unfitted to do well the work required," he was ridiculed as a dealer in absurd sensations. But there was no laughter when Miss Julia Richman, District Superintendent of Schools, informed the local school boards of the Second and Third Districts that in those two districts alone five hundred pupils were in need of food. A single principal reported the names of twenty-one children who were known to go to school hungry. A few pupils had fainted in their class-rooms, and many had been sustained with crackers and milk furnished by teachers at their own expense.

In one typical instance a teacher noticed that a boy looked ill, and found that he had been without food for two days. When this case was referred to a charitable organization it declined to do anything on the ground that the boy was an only child, and that the society must reserve its relief for large families. A mother stole away from her tenement home early in the morning because she could not bear to see her four little children start to school crying with hunger. A little boy whose parents could give him nothing undertook to earn food for himself by selling papers, and was arrested for working under the legal age. Formerly the children who came unfed to school were mostly those of widowed mothers, but now many of them belong to able-bodied fathers forced out of work by hard times.

When these things became known a wave of sympathy swept over the city, money was contributed on all sides, and kitchens were established for the relief of underfed children. But of course outbursts of pity are temporary, while the conditions that fill the schools with hungry children are permanent.

Sir John Gorst recently wrote to the London "Daily News" expressing his shame at the deplorable physical condition of the children in one of the model London schools shown to the visiting German burgomasters. They were "pale, hungry-looking, ragged, and uncared for"—a pitiful contrast to the pupils the observer had seen in the poorest quarter of Berlin, not one of whom could be said to be "in really bad condition." It may be thought that it is only in great, overcrowded centres of population like New York and London that starving children can be found in the schools, but Anglo-Saxon civilization can not give itself that comfort. There is no richer, more prosperous, or more roomy American city of moderate size than Detroit, but after the New York revelations the principal of one of the Detroit schools said that he had seen pupils crying with hunger.

What the World is Doing

A Record of Current Events

Edited by
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT



A New Throne for the Pope

The Venetian sculptor Cadorin has just finished a Papal throne, the gift of Catholics for the Supreme Pontiff. It is wrought out of costly wood, and crowned by the pontifical armorial bearings. On either side are statues of St. Peter and St. Mark. It will be delicately gilded, and then presented

Not only did they come to school without breakfast, but often they had eaten little the day before. No doubt similar conditions could be found in most other cities.

Prohibition in Atlanta

THE largest American city now living under a prohibitory law is Atlanta. Some interesting facts concerning the workings of the system in that place were given by Chief Jennings before the International Association of Chiefs of Police at Detroit on June 5. It appears, as might have been expected, that whisky shipped in from moister climates is still abundant. Serious crimes—thefts, burglaries, murders, and the like—have not materially diminished. But the police records show a marked improvement in the general good order of the town. In the first three months of 1907, under the open saloon, there were 2,606 arrests for disorderly conduct, due largely to whisky. In the corresponding three months of 1908 there were 1,637 arrests for the same offense, a decline of nearly 40 per cent. Arrests for drunkenness fell off from 1,293 to 328, or over 74 per cent, and arrests for idling and loitering from 236 to 164, or 30 per cent. The total number of arrests declined nearly 62 per cent, from 5,277 to 2,010.

Chief Jennings added: "We are also having less trouble in the red-light district. The women, under the law, are not allowed to furnish intoxicants by sale or otherwise; hence less drunkenness and disorder in these quarters."

The results of five months' experience, as summarized by this apparently impartial witness, are no material change in serious crime, a great improvement in order, a great deal less drunkenness, more money spent for family supplies, and fewer complaints of distress for the want of the necessities of life. The last two items help to illuminate the theory that free liquor selling is good for business and that a dry town is a dead town.

The Navy Tried Again

ANOTHER disaster has befallen the American navy. While the armored cruiser *Tennessee* was engaged in a speed trial off Point Hueneme, California, on the morning of June 5, a boiler tube burst and four men were scalded to death. Ten others were injured, four of them severely. We are accustomed not merely to heroism, but to almost superhuman endurance of suffering when accidents happen on American warships, and this occasion was no exception to the splendid naval tradition. With the fire

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room suddenly filled with hot cinders, steam, and ashes, the men who retained their consciousness delayed their own escape to drag their comrades out, and two who were found dead at their posts were believed to have sacrificed their lives to their duty.

Although Admiral Sebree, who had a narrow escape himself, said that the explosion was one of those accidents which could not be provided against, it was noteworthy that the *Tennessee* was one of the ships mentioned in the boiler-tube scandal a year and a half ago. It was alleged that officers of the Shelby Tube Company had treated rejected tubes to hide their defects and had then passed them off on the Government, that they had substituted specially prepared test pieces for those selected for inspection, and that they had broken the seals of loaded freight-cars and put rejected tubes in the place of perfect ones. It was asserted that defective tubes had been furnished to the battleships *Georgia*, *Maine*, *Louisiana*, *Minnesota*, *Vermont*, and *Nebraska*, and the cruisers *Tennessee*, *Maryland*, *Pennsylvania*, *Georgia*, and *Charleston*. Three persons were indicted and tried on these charges, but the jury disagreed. It is expected that the disaster on the *Tennessee* will cause this matter to be definitely settled, and either clear these men of the cloud that is hanging over them or put them in the way of punishment for a crime which combines all the infamies of murder and of treason.

The Overture in Georgia

"Brown and Bread" beat "Hoke and Hunger"

THE Democratic primaries which constitute the real election in Georgia were held on June 4 and gave the politicians a bewildering surprise. Governor Hoke Smith, who had won an amazing victory over four well-known opponents only two years before, went down in an equally spectacular defeat before an obscure rival whom he had himself dismissed from the office of Railroad Commissioner, and who had announced his candidacy only sixty days before the primaries. Of the 123 counties Smith had carried in 1906 he lost 60. His opponent, Joseph M. Brown, carried 63 this year, while all the four opposition candidates combined were able to carry only 23 two years ago. Brown's majority was 13,546 on an unusually large vote.

Governor Smith came into power on three great issues, prohibition, the radical regulation of railroads, and negro disfranchisement. Of these, prohibition has been enacted into law, the railroads have been made to step lively by executive action, and the disfranchisement of negro voters has been put into a constitutional amendment which is to be voted on in October of this year. Some observers see in the defeat of Smith a repudiation of all his policies, and one member of the Legislature who voted for the Prohibition law announces that on the first day of the next session he will introduce a bill for its repeal. But Mr. Brown, who ought to know the meaning of his own success, says that the liquor question had nothing to do with it, and that "the people have decided that the legislation attempted and that threatened against corporations and capital were too extreme." An interesting side-light on the meaning of the vote was thrown by the jump of ten points in the price of Georgia Railway and Electric Company stock on the announcement of the result.

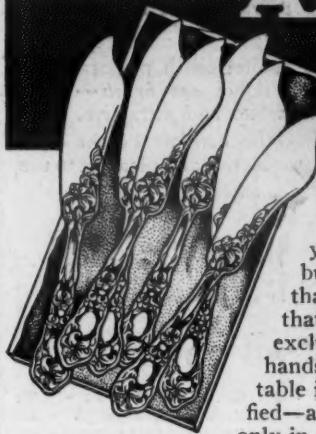
One influence that contributed to the defeat of the Governor was the defection of Tom Watson, who had supported Smith reluctantly in 1906 but turned against him this year.

A Door of Hope Barred

Fortune in New York no longer accessible through receiverships

M. CLARK WILLIAMS, State Superintendent of Banks of New York, is responsible for a new law that has ruined a business which previously had flourished in adversity like a cactus in the desert, growing richer with every pinch of hard times. Under the old system the suspension of a bank meant a competence for life for several deserving receivers and a number of equally deserving lawyers. There might not be much left for the depositors, and still less for the stockholders, but the receivers always managed to make the assets go round among themselves and their counsel. In one recent case they took over two-thirds of the entire property of the institution they administered, allowing the depositors a few

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cents on the dollar, strung over a period of years. The new law puts closed State banks into the hands of the State Banking Department, just as closed national banks are put into the hands of the Comptroller of the Currency. The first trial of the system came two days after the passage of the act, when the Home Bank of Brooklyn closed its doors. Mr. Williams put Deputy Superintendent George S. Leonard in charge, and forty-two days later the bank was reopened for business with its capital and surplus intact. The total cost of the receivership was \$1,201, of which \$666 represented the fees of the Deputy Superintendent at day's wages, \$405 went for clerical work, and \$130 for advertising, printing, postage, and miscellaneous expenses. There were no counsel fees. The Home is a small bank, but under the old system no bank was small enough to slip through a receivership for less than \$25,000. The Knickerbocker Trust Company's receivers had felt aggrieved because their bill for their own and their counsel's services had been cut down to \$300,000. The Appellate Division of the Supreme Court passed upon their claim just after the Banking Department had set its new standard of economy, decided that even the reduced allowance was "so grossly excessive as to amount to a spoliation of the assets of the trust company," and cut it still further to \$80,000. Hereafter the ambitious young man who wishes to loot a bank in New York will have to turn from a receivership to the more plebeian jimmy.

THE WITHERBEE BATTERY

ON any car means PERFECT Ignition at all times. The Witherbee is the most thoroughly reliable storage battery made. The fact that the Witherbee is used and recommended by practically all leading manufacturers is the greatest acknowledgement of its efficiency. There is no other battery or ignition system "just as good"—there is no other battery possessing the excellencies in design and material—the thorough and skillful workmanship.

The Witherbee represents perfection in battery building. It should be ON EVERY CAR. See that it is part equipment of yours.

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Wico Ring and Roller
Timer, Volta Magneto,
Witherbee Batteries,
Wico Ignition Wire.

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San Francisco, Los Angeles



Wanted, \$25,000

A chance of immortality going cheap

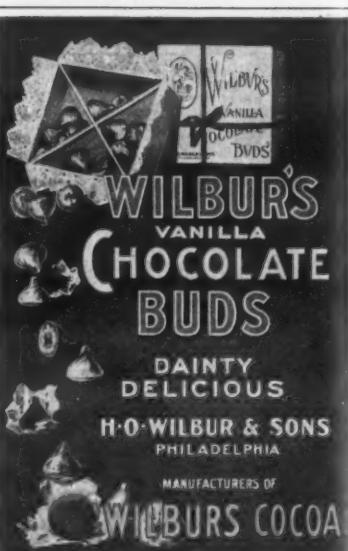
COMMANDER PEARY has carried on his preparations for his next siege of the Pole as if he had only to sign checks for the cost. The fact is, however, that he is still \$25,000 short, and that if some well-to-do raven does not bring the necessary manna by July 1 the expedition will have to be given up. In that case all the expense of putting the *Roosevelt* into commission, and of bringing her captain and crew from St. Johns, Newfoundland, to New York, keeping them a month and sending them home, will have been thrown away. What is infinitely more important, the United States will have lost the best chance any nation ever had to win an honor that can never be repeated.

A dozen countries have their eyes on the North Pole, the greatest prize open to the explorers of the past century, and some one of them will certainly capture it before long. It happens that in Commander Peary America possesses the explorer who, of all others in the world, is best fitted by temperament, by training, and by resources to carry out this enterprise. He has had a longer and a more continuous experience than any other living Arctic traveler; he has worked out a route on which he is thoroughly at home up to the point of the final dash; he has enlisted the help of the most northerly tribe of mankind; he has just the right equipment for the voyage, including the best ice-bucking ship ever built, and the right crew to sail her; and his own great powers, which before long must naturally decline, are now in their prime. It would seem a pity to sacrifice these unique advantages, which are never likely to exist in such a combination again, and to deprive this country of an immortal glory, for lack of the price of a fancy dress ball.

No New Fleet for Russia

The Duma wants reform before battleships

LIKE another potentate in another part of the world, the Czar of Russia has been trying to get four new battleships, and has run against a legislative snag in the effort. The Third Duma is an extremely pliable body, but even its docility has limits, and the breaking point of its patience is reached when it is asked to appropriate good money for a bad navy. An item of \$5,500,000 for beginning work on four battleships was cut out of the naval budget on June 6 by a vote of 194 to 78, notwithstanding Premier Stolypin's urgent efforts to save it. Even the Prime Minister made no attempt to defend the naval administration responsible for the disasters of the war with Japan, but he tried to make the Duma believe that there had been a thoroughgoing reform. Parliament found this strain on its credulity a little too severe, especially when M. Stolypin added that, "thanks to the existence of the Duma, the old evils could not be repeated." M. Guchkov, one of



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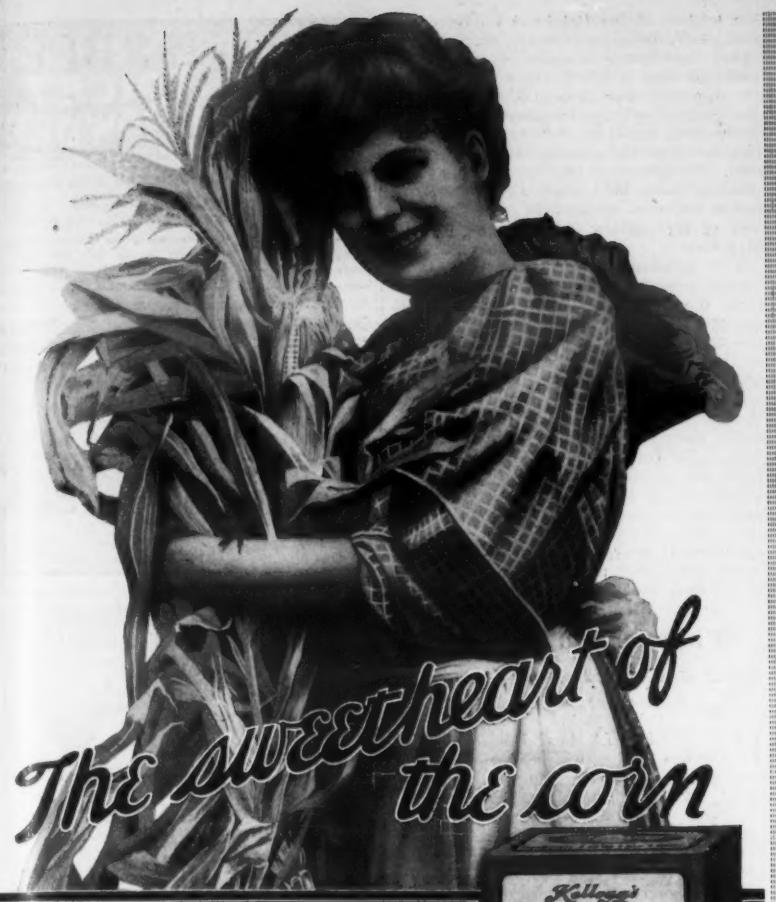
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Canadian Trade Supplied by the Battle Creek Tosted Corn Flakes Co., Llyd, London, Ontario.



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Secured by thumbscrews to rim of wheel having punctured tire.—Takes less than a minute—No tools necessary. No pumping—no removing punctured tire—no dirty hands or clothes—a lady can attach it.

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"I can always tell which of my patients are using Calox, the Oxygen Tooth Powder, by the splendid condition of their teeth. With the daily use of Calox the teeth certainly become whiter and the gums healthier and firmer."

"The Oxygen does it"

Of all Druggists, 25 cents

Dainty sample and booklet sent on receipt of 5 cents

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Children's Sizes 4 to 8
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Eastwood Sandals allow the feet to expand naturally and are a grateful relief to children whose feet have been distorted by ill-fitting shoes. They relieve and prevent excessive perspiration.

The **Eastwood Sandals** are made by an entirely new method of shoe construction. Stitching is all outside, no wrinkled linings, waxed thread or tacks—just smooth, clean, oak-tanned leather next to the feet.

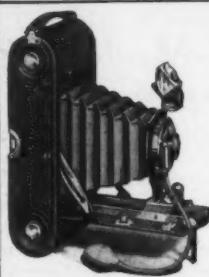
Made over the celebrated Eastwood Lasts.

Shipped to any address in the U. S., all charges prepaid, upon receipt of price as follows: Children's sizes 4 to 6, \$1.00 per pair; 7 to 11, \$1.35; 12 to 2, \$1.50. Larger sizes are also made for women and boys, 3 to 8, \$2.00.

Our 60-page illustrated catalogue of latest styles in shoes and stockings for men, women and children on request.

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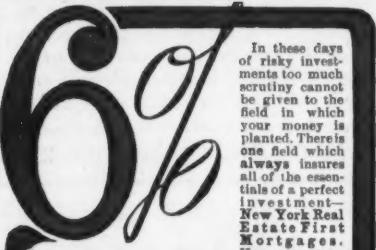
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These convenient amounts enabling you to keep your entire investment at this high rate of interest.

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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

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The Minnow That Swims

A "live" bait that you can carry in your tackle-box—the K & K Animated Minnow



A jointed, artificial Minnow in beautiful natural colors, showing the scale effect and representing the genuine movement of a live Minnow in casting, trolling or still fishing. The greatest catcher made.

Made in ten styles and sold by the principal dealers; if your dealer cannot supply you, we will send prepaid on receipt of price. **King of Casting Bait, \$1.00; Minnowette, \$1.00.** New catalog free for the asking.

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The bubbles and foam are oxygen cleansing, purifying and neutralizing the products of decay and infectious matter which cause soreness, inflammation and blood poisoning. Druggists everywhere.

The Oakland Chemical Company, New York

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

the leaders of the Octobrist Party, which has generally supported the Government, called the Premier's attention to the fact that Admiral Alexieff, the evil genius of the Japanese war, was still a member of the Council of the Empire, had a voice in deciding naval questions, and was even mentioned as the coming Minister of Marine. He demanded an Investigating Commission, and held that the refusal of funds for new battleships was the only way of forcing the old naval régime out of power.

The Russian navy has been so thoroughly demoralized for many years that from the point of view of sea power it makes little difference whether it has any new ships or not. The chief significance of the Duma's action lies in the proof it affords that after all the efforts of the autocracy to reduce the people's share in the government of Russia to a worthless sham, the vital spark is not yet entirely dead. The Duma takes most of its orders from the Court, but not quite all of them, and its little germ of independence may yet grow into some resemblance to the vision that inspired the Russian people when it heard and for a moment believed the Czar's proclamation of freedom in October, 1905.

Philadelphia's Jungle

Local slaughter-houses untouched by national reform

PHILADELPHIA has discovered that she has been eating meat which would have given Mr. Sinclair just as good material for his "Jungle" as he found in Chicago. Three agents of the Pennsylvania State Live Stock Sanitary Board have been making a quiet investigation, and their reports tell the same old tale, familiar wherever slaughtering goes on without effective regulation, of diseased meat and good meat turned bad by filthy treatment. There are twenty slaughterhouses in Philadelphia which come under the national Meat Inspection law. These are looked after by over fifty Federal officials, and are presumably in good condition. There are five city inspectors to supervise 150 local slaughter-houses and something like ten thousand butcher shops. Even with the best intentions the local inspectors can do nothing more than look in upon the various establishments now and then, leaving them to run the rest of the time to suit themselves, while no slaughter-house preparing meat for interstate commerce is allowed to operate at all except when a Federal inspector is actually present.

To increase the force of city inspectors sufficiently to deal thoroughly with all the local establishments would be uncomfortably expensive. The only really satisfactory plan would be to concentrate the business of preparing meat for market in a few great and scientifically managed abattoirs. Meanwhile fastidious consumers may secure the benefits of the national inspection system by eating Chicago meat if they live in Philadelphia and Philadelphia meat if they live in Chicago.

Two Cents to England

Penny postage conquering new worlds

AFTER October 1 of this year a letter can be sent from any part of the United States to any part of Great Britain or Ireland at the domestic rate of two cents an ounce. This is one of the fruits of Postmaster-General Meyer's intelligent and progressive administration of the American Post-Office Department, working with the cordial cooperation of Mr. Buxton, the British Postmaster-General, and the stimulus of the preliminary educational campaign of Mr. Henniker Heaton. It is a long step toward the abolition of postal frontiers throughout the world, which, thanks to the Universal Postal Union, is already more nearly a single federation in the postal sense than in any other.

In three months, two cents will carry a letter from Chicago to the United Kingdom, Canada, Mexico, Panama, Alaska, Hawaii, the Philippines, Tutuila, Guam, Shanghai, Cuba, or Porto Rico. The range of the domestic postage rate covers ninety degrees of latitude and over two hundred and forty of longitude. From north to south it is equal to the distance from the Equator to the Pole, and from east to west it goes two-thirds of the way around the globe. Moreover, the Anglo-American agreement is thought to be only a forerunner of similar arrangements with other countries. Germany fears a loss of needed revenue, but it seems impossible for her to allow England to hold an advantage

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A Positive Relief
PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25¢. Get Menen's (the original). Sample Free.

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No gears—double-chain-friction drive—most reliable to steer, stop or start—say speed to 35 miles per hour. Just write for special price. **BOOK FREE.**
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Rare Bargain in Genuine Panama Straw Hats

Made possible only by our importing from South America and selling direct to the user. These hats are warranted genuine all the year round and can be worn in that condition by Gentlemen, Ladies, Girls and Boys or can be blocked by purchase in any style or type. These Panama hats are just as serviceable and will wear as long as a \$1.00 Panama Hat. The difference is solely in the manner of weaving. Hats being a little coarser woven than the more expensive kind.

Assorted sizes. Weight about 2 oz. each. Sent postpaid, securely packed, \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

On receipt of \$1.00. Order today. Supply limited.

PANAMA HAT CO., 181D William St., New York City



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in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1908 model. Write for Special Offer.

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with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.

1906 & 1907 Models **\$7 to \$12**

all of best makes

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500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS

All makes and models,

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On Approval without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalog and offer. Write now.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. D-84, CHICAGO



WATCH IT WOBBLE!

No artificial bait ever invented so quickly attracts bass, pickerel and all game fish

as our Famous Glittering Pearl Wobbler Spoon which in the water has an eccentric

trite wobbling motion much more effective than spinning and catches fish where everything else fails.

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over her in correspondence with the United States, and the other European Powers are in a similar position.

The cut rates will put a new obstacle in the way of shipping subsidies, for, if the postal revenues are greatly reduced, subventions to mail steamers will seem more than ever a clear gift from the taxpayers. It is possible, however, that the volume of letters may have so stimulated that the ships may have a better claim than before for liberal payment for carrying the loads.

The Eternal Dreyfus Case

Old animosities make bullets fly in the Panthéon

THE apotheosis of Zola was not completed without lighting up again the dying embers of anti-Dreyfusard fanaticism. At the climax of the act of national reparation, when the body of the once-exiled author had been installed in the Panthéon in the presence of the President of the Republic, the Ministers, the Diplomatic Corps, and a splendid galaxy of the intellect of France, a military writer named Louis Grégori fired two shots at Major Dreyfus, wounding him in the arm. He explained that he had not intended to kill Dreyfus, but that as the dean of French military journalism he wished to avenge the insult the Government was inflicting on the army by making it assist in the glorification of Zola. Although the great majority of the people were infuriated by the crime there was a small but energetic minority that applauded it. It was the hope of this faction that the trial of Grégori might be made the means of indirectly reopening the whole Dreyfus case, which France had believed to be safely disposed of forever.

* * *

A Nerve Specialist to His Patients

To an Egoist who became a Hypochondriac

BY FREDERICK PETERSON, M.D.

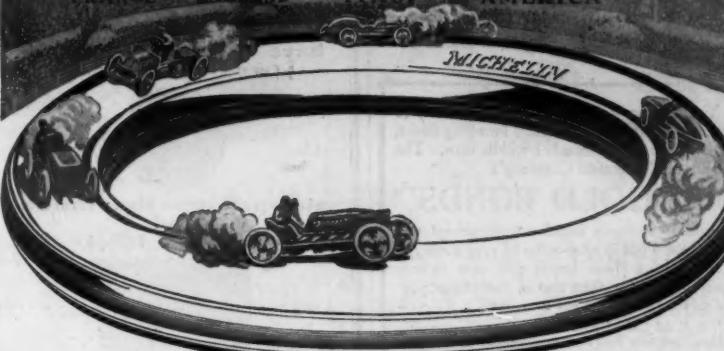
I AM sorry to learn from your letter how ill you are, and yet, having watched your career these many years, I am not surprised that you should have developed such a disorder. It is purely a mental malady—a hypochondriasis—for you have been too careful of your body to have fallen a prey to any physical disease.

Since you ask it, I will be frank with you, and even severe, for the only possible cure for you now depends upon a complete understanding of yourself by yourself. The help must come from your own mind and soul, and it can only come through some such rude shock as this revelation may cause to you. The surgeon cuts without compassion, because he knows a cure depends upon a steady hand unswerved by emotion. Thus I, though I am your friend and physician, must cut deeply, with no end in view but your restoration, not only to yourself, but to your race.

You have always been the child of Fortune, and all that money could do for you in the way of satisfying any desire, and in educating you, was done. You were kindergartened and nursed and coddled and pampered. Your father, ambitious for you, felt that his wealth and your hereditary mental endowments should open a great career for you. You were brought up to contemplate that ideal, and in a certain measure you have fulfilled it. You are educated, cultured, refined to a high degree, and your life has been exemplary in so far as you have never given way to the ordinary vices that sooner or later captured most of your friends of equal wealth. Nearly all of these have in the course of years become mere money-makers like their fathers or fallen victims to drink, gambling, racing, and women.

But you have sought self-culture with a zeal and energy truly laudable in an atmosphere so antagonistic. You have taken excellent care of your body by the most systematic regulation of your life as regards exercise, rest, and diet. You have become a dilettante in learning, in art, in music, and in science. While your old companions grew into sybarites on the lowest physical plane, you have become a sybarite of the mind. It has been your custom to have at your home, at your table, and in your drawing-room, only

MICHELIN
AMERICA



Motor racing shows the VALUE of a tire. The terrific strain of mile-a-minute speed, around turns, over ruts and obstacles, continued sometimes for hundreds of miles, shows

with certainty the WEARING power of

the tires used. The car that WINS is

usually enabled to do so by the ABSENCE

of tire trouble. Michelin Tires have won

ALL the world famous contests since Motor racing began. Think of it! ALL! Recall the important events in this country during the last year—

**Briarcliff—Savannah—Ormond
Both Morris Park 24 hour races**

ALL Michelin victories—ALL made possible by Michelin endurance—tires not touched from start to finish throughout.

Durability is what you want when you buy tires. You get so much more of it, so much better, more satisfactory and enduring service, when you buy Michelin tires that they have always been famed for endurance—the standard tires of the world.

Michelin are sold at a fair price. Buy Michelin and get many dollars of actual road wear for every dollar of road cost.

MICHELIN TIRE CO. BOSTON, 895 Boylston St.
CHICAGO, 1344 Michigan Ave.
DETROIT, 247 Jefferson Ave.

BUFFALO, 908 Main St.

SAN FRANCISCO, 308 Van Ness Ave.

A Glorious 4th but a safe one

Let it be as noisy as you please for yourself or boy—but a safe one.

H & R REVOLVERS

There is plenty of fun in store for all with a supply of "blanks" and a safe, dependable H & R Revolver. Cheap firearms are dear at any price—and dangerous. An H & R is guaranteed—perfect in its mechanical construction, and tested before you ever see it—safe, sure and simple.

Model 1906 only weighs 10 ounces; while small in size it is a good noise maker as well as a reliable weapon, will last a lifetime, 22 caliber, seven shot, rim fire, double action, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch barrel, nickel finish. Price, \$3.00.

Sold by all first-class dealers. Rather than accept a substitute order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and little target trade-mark on the handle. Send for Illustrated Catalog.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.

447 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

SMOKE IT

Don't judge a cigar until you have tried it. Every man likes a certain cigar because he has cultivated a taste for it, and smoking the same brand becomes a habit. Give the Ordero Cigar a trial. The chances are you will like it and will want to smoke a cigar that is always uniform.

"Ordero" is a Hand-Made Long Filler, made of the best quality of genuine imported Havana and Sumatra.

The Ordero Cigars are made to your order only, with your name on the box, each layer being packed separately in sealed package. Price \$8.00 for 100 delivered. Or a trial box of 12 will be sent you for \$1.00. Your money refunded if unsatisfactory. Order a box now.

JOSEPH H. RUGG, Est. 1843, 740 Market St., Blairsville, Pa.

Exact size and shape

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

25



You can increase your income to \$60 a year for each \$1000 you possess by investing direct, instead of loaning through a middle man. The American Real Estate Company's

6% GOLD BONDS

offer an opportunity for direct investment, and pay you the full interest value of your money—6%. Further these bonds give you security equal to or better than that of institutions paying only three to four per cent.

A-R-E 6% Gold Bonds are based on the ownership of New York City Real Estate—recognized as the soundest security on earth. They are issued as follows:

6% Coupon Bonds, for income earning, paying interest semi-annually by coupons.
6% Accumulative Bonds, for income saving, purchasable by installments, carrying liberal surrender privileges.

Write today for full details, including map of New York City showing location of this Company's properties.

American Real Estate Company
Founded 1888
Assets, \$10,558,500.41 Capital and Surplus, \$1,640,969.24
530 Night and Day Bank Bldg., New York City

WARNING!

"Cravennet" RAIN COATS

have this circular registered trade mark



stamped on the inside and this silk label



sewed at the collar or elsewhere

For sale by leading Clothiers, Haberdashers, Dry Goods and Department Stores.

A postal to us will bring booklet.

B. Priestley & Co.

100 5th Ave., cor. 15th St., New York

Mullins Steel Boats Can't Sink

—the fastest and safest boats built. Made of pressed steel plates, with air chambers in each end like a life boat, they are absolutely safe. Faster, lighter and more buoyant than wooden boats—practically indestructible—they don't leak, crack, dry out or wear out, and every boat is absolutely guaranteed. The ideal boats for pleasure, summer resorts, boat liveries, etc.

Send for catalog of Motor Boats—Marine Engines—Row Boats—Hunting and Fishing Boats.

THE W. H. MULLINS COMPANY, 119 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio.

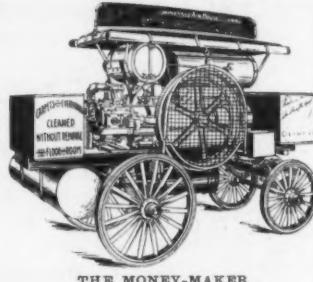
CLICQUOT CLUB Pronounced "Click-O" GINGER ALE



is a most delicious and pure ginger ale. Produced with scientific care and epicurean judgment. Of pure water, sugar and ginger, it is always the same.

If your dealer has it not, let us know

CLICQUOT CLUB CO., Millis, Mass.



Turn Dust Into Dollars

The above wagon will prove a mint to you, making money according to your hustling and business ability. This is the original STATIONARY VACUUM CLEANING PLANT. All others are imitations. We are prosecuting infringers. Over four hundred operations in the United States that are clearing handsome returns in proven profits under our patents. Only \$2,000, and upwards, capital required to make you independent. The machine cleans, renovates, disinfects carpets, rugs, furniture, pillows, draperies, tapestries, ceilings, walls, etc. Every germ on, in or under the carpets and furniture is exterminated.

We also make a full line of STATIONARY Vacuum Cleaning Plants for Residences, Apartments, Office Buildings, Hospitals, Churches, Lodge and Club Buildings, Schools, Hotels, Libraries, etc. Catalogues, Bulletins, etc., cheerfully sent to those who need business.

Portable Cleaners Stationary Cleaners

General Compressed Air & Vacuum Machinery Co.
4461 Dept. "E," Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Diamond TIRES ARE THE BEST CASINGS TUBES

Diamond

THE DIAMOND RUBBER CO. AKRON, OHIO.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced Rates on household goods to all World ports. 448 Marquette Building, Chicago; 150 Wright Building, St. Louis; 251 Tremont Building, Boston; 103 Columbia Building, San Francisco; 200 Central Building, Los Angeles.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE IRON THAT IRONS
One needed in every home
Jubilee Self-Heating Flat Iron
A better, quicker, easier and cheaper way to iron. Booklet free, give full information.
JUBILEE MFG. CO. OMAHA, NEB.

IT MAKES THE BABY STRONG
Good milk contains, in the most easily digested form, all the elements necessary to the building of bone, flesh and muscle. Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk has raised three generations of strong and healthy babies. Has no equal. Address Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., for "My Biography"—a baby's album.—Adv.

such friends as could stimulate your brain and supply fresh delicacies to your sensitive soul. You have absorbed what they had to give you and dispensed with them when nothing more was to be obtained from them. You have in a way subsisted on the minds of others. You are a sort of *Gekirnfresser*, a species of intellectual cannibal.

How often have I seen you, after a visit from some Oxford or Cambridge celebrity, looking sleek, quiet, self-satisfied—like a python after a full meal! I depict your tendencies thus strongly, because, as before intimated, any remedy to reach you now must be heroic indeed. You have become wholly self-centred. Your immediate family and lessening circle of friends have been led to revolve about you like the satellites and rings about Saturn. I will grant that you are better endowed—a little—than the average man, and that the most has been made of your taste and talent. Perhaps these have been overpolished, overrefined. You have gained a certain distinction in literature and art, but, frankly, how much of this is really yours?

You have been able to buy brains, to employ better men than yourself as a kind of jackals, and some of the work imputed to you is theirs. Of course they profited too—in food and lodging—and you did them a kindness. You have done many kind things, I acknowledge, but was it ever with pure unselfishness? You always gained more than you gave with a sort of hereditary shrewdness grown habitual and unconscious. You were rewarded with mental gifts from the beneficiaries, or with adulation and admiration on the part of your family and friends, and possibly often by a pleasant emotion of self-satisfaction out of all proportion to the service rendered.

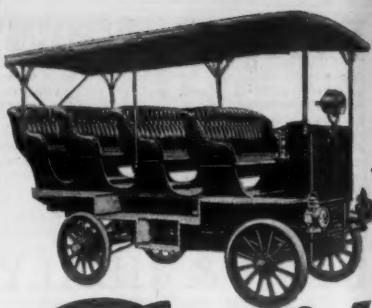
You may not have read Nietzsche, but you believe in the *Übermensch*, and the sacrifice of the crowd to the individual. You feel superior and unapproachable. You have nothing of the simplicity and gentleness and wide humane delicacy of the truly great, but in the place of these virtues a complexity of affectations, and a certain refined insolence of power, which, coarse or refined, is always based on wealth only.

Small wonder then that the corrosive hours which bring changes to all of us have of late clouded your halcyon skies. You have begun to feel the wear and tear of years, and with your exquisite sensitiveness to unpleasant impressions, you feel keenly the little grating of your physical machinery. You have grown depressed and apprehensive about your functions, your digestion, your circulation, your muscular powers. You are a hypochondriac at a natural result of a life delivered over wholly to the exploitation of self.

But there is a remedy. You are not incurable. In all cases of hypochondriasis the means of cure must be severe, even apparently cruel. You have got to free yourself. You have shackles to file off, prison walls to pierce, and barriers to scale. These the old life has built about you. It is hard and desperate and slow work. I wonder if you have the determination to undertake it? It requires courage to leave home and friends, the old luxurious environment, to go among strangers, to travel, to go out among men, the brothers whom you long ago forgot, if ever indeed you knew them, and to try to be a man yourself.

You will need to simplify your life—as far as it concerns yourself, to distract your attention from your own body and mind. Physical labor is one of the best means of mental distraction. A prolonged walking tour in Italy or Spain, a trip for a year in the saddle on the plains, a period of tent-life and exploration in the Fayoum or in Arabia or Greece—any of these suggestions would afford the change of environment, the isolation from family and friends, the physical labor and hardships, and the mental distraction which you need.

Try in your moments of leisure to formulate a new philosophy of life, to build up a new conscience, a new sense of duty, duty to your family, duty to the brotherhood of humanity, duty to your race, and try to attain the golden mean between selfishness and altruism, either of which in excess is destruction. For reading matter I should recommend your taking with you on your travels the New Testament, Meredith's "The Egoist," some brief history of France just previous to the Revolution, Spencer's "Principles of Ethics," Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities," and a copy of this letter.



The Rapid

Exclusively Commercial Cars of Every Kind

DON'T put off investigation of saving in expense—time and trouble from using Rapid Commercial Motor Cars. Because Rapids have long been demonstrating their Superiority over horses and wagons for all Commercial purposes all over America. A Rapid

Always Pays Big Dividends

Let me tell you how and why. Write me your special requirements and I will promptly put at your service many facts and figures to prove the advantage of Rapids in your case and tell you whether they will save you expense and prove profitable to you.

Read this copy of a telegram showing how Rapids stand in tests—

Chicago, April 30, '08.
Rapid Motor Vehicle Co.,
Pontiac, Mich.

In tug of war contest last night under auspices of Chicago Automobile Trade Association and Chicago Motor Club, the Rapid Truck easily defeated other machines in three straight heats. It was the best demonstration of stability and horse-power ever given in this city. Ralph Temple Automobile Co.

Write direct to the factory. We allow no agents to represent us unless they are prepared to properly demonstrate the Rapid.

H. G. Hamilton, Treasurer
Rapid Motor Vehicle Co.
505 Rapid Street
Pontiac, Mich.

THE KADY SUSPENDER

The Kady Suspender yields easily to every motion of the body and is the only one that provides for perfect distribution of strain at the points of the greatest stress.

The Double Crown Roller our own exclusive patent, is the simplest and easiest effect it is a unique device ever invented for insuring shoulder comfort and increasing the life of a suspender. The Kady Suspender sells for 50c and 75c a pair. It is simple while to get setting them. THERE ARE NO OTHERS JUST AS GOOD. Write for booklet and name of dealer who sells them.

THE OHIO SUSPENDER CO.
620 N. Park St., Ohio Mansfield U. S. A.

Sharpen Your Gillette Blades With The Vim Stropper

You will then enjoy your shave much better and your blades will be keen, sharp and last for years. A simple, convenient, all-metal device that saves time, annoyance and money. The only practical Stropper for Gillette Blades. If your dealer will not supply you, send us 50 cts. DAYS FREE TRIAL.

Money back if not satisfied. Over 50,000 sold this year and not one returned. Send today.

YALE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
604 Manhattan Building
Chicago, Ill.

Pipe Repairing by Mail

Amber, Brier and Morehouse. Artificial coloring. Prompt satisfaction. Charge reasonable.

David Ellis, the Pipe Man, 182 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. Established 1899

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

THE special steel to be used for making "IRWIN" Bits is first tested for temper taking quality and then tested by specially designed heavy machinery for tensile strength—stretching or straining, and for torsion—turning or twisting. It takes exceptionally fine steel to pass the rigid "IRWIN" test. This is shown by the fact that in one train load lot alone, as high as eleven tons of steel have been rejected.

"IRWIN" Bits are all *drop-forged* on machines, the largest of which has a drop of one thousand pounds. This method of shaping "IRWIN" Bits solidifies and strengthens the steel, and thus "IRWIN" Bits give the best and longest service for this reason, as well as because of their peculiar pattern.

The bits are "headed" and fitted up in the rough, passing through many hands and a complication of machinery, which includes careful turning on a lathe to make them absolutely true and accurate. They are then highly finished—full polished from tip to tip.

Each bit passes through fifty hands and the heads and cutters are all sharpened and finished by hand filing.

Every "IRWIN" Bit is tempered by a secret process, in molten tin, oil and brine.

This process does not depend upon "guess-work" as do the processes employed in other tool shops, but is scientifically accurate, insuring perfect temper in every "IRWIN" Bit.

When each bit has received the finishing touches from the polishers, it is tested for boring capacity in the hardest of highly seasoned hard woods such as lignum-vitae—a wood which will ruin most wood-working tools.

Then each bit passes into other hands for final testing which detects the slightest defect in any particular.

The detection of the slightest imperfection condemns a bit to the scrap pile.

Every bit that passes this final test is stamped with the name "IRWIN".

The "IRWIN" Bit Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

which guarantees it to you to give absolute satisfaction.

Look at the picture of the finished "IRWIN" Bit (shown in the brace "ready for business") and note the stamp on the stem. It is placed there for your protection in buying the best, for the dealer's protection in selling the best, for our protection in producing the best.

When you go to buy, look for the name "IRWIN." If a bit is not branded "IRWIN" it is not the genuine "IRWIN" Bit.

Find that stamp if you want the most for your money and the

**Strongest, Easiest and Fastest
Boring Bits Made**

**Will Not Clog and Will Bore in
End or Side of Wood**



The "IRWIN" Auger-Bit Is the ONLY SOLID CENTER STEM Auger-Bit Made in Every Style and Size. So the "IRWIN" is the ONLY Auger-Bit That Can and Will Give You Absolutely SATISFACTORY SERVICE FOR EVERY PURPOSE

For the Home, Farm, Factory and Shop

All Dealers sell
"Irwin" Auger-Bits

If you have the
slightest trouble in ob-
taining them write us

Every "IRWIN"
Bit is
Guaranteed
Price Refunded
if Not Satisfactory



No mechanic's kit is complete without a set of "IRWIN" Auger-Bits. They mean faster work—more work—easier work—they mean better work because they are always true and never tear the wood—they mean longer service because they do not break.

"IRWIN" Bits are regularly wrapped in oiled paper and packed in red cardboard boxes, under Black and White Label, bearing the "IRWIN" Trade Mark.

Next to the hammer, saw and screw-driver, auger-bits are the most useful of carpentering tools and every man who has a home needs a set of "IRWIN" Auger-Bits.

This case, illustrated below, is the same style as the Model Case shown at the right and the sets contain sizes suitable for householders, farmers—everyone not requiring a complete line of the various sizes.

Each set of 20½ Quarters contains one each 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 sixteenths Auger-Bits and one 6-inch Screw-Driver Bit.

Each set of 25½ Quarters contains one each 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14 and 16 sixteenths Auger-Bits.

No extra charge for sets packed in cases.

The picture at the right shows the new "Model" Bit Case—the finest bit case made.

It is built of beautifully grained quarter-sawed hardwood, finely polished—having folding lid and sliding drawer.

This set of bits is needed in every factory and shop where it will prove its usefulness day after day.

Each set of 32½ Quarters contains one each of 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 sixteenths.

"IRWIN" Bits are recognized everywhere as being the strongest, finest finished, most accurate, the fastest and easiest cutting, and the least liable to choke of any bits now on the market.

**Free Handsome Souvenirs,
and for Carpenters,
a Handy Tool**

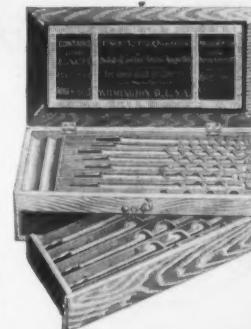
FILL out and mail this coupon or write a postal stating your occupation, with your own and your hardware dealer's name and address and you will receive the IRWIN catalog and a handsome souvenir.

If you are a carpenter you will receive a handy tool,

The Irwin Auger-Bit Co.
Largest in the World
Station F-2
Wilmington, Ohio

His address is.....
City.....
My name is.....
My address is.....
City.....
State.....

My occupation is.....
My hardware dealer's name is.....



Just Mail
Coupon or
a Postal
Now

Irwin
Auger-Bit
Company,
Station F-2
Wilmington, Ohio

You may send me your catalog and souvenir or handy tool.

My occupation is.....

His address is.....

City.....

My name is.....

My address is.....

City.....

State.....



COLGATE'S SOAPS, POWDERS AND PERFUMES

LARGEST
CLOCK
in the
WORLD

LARGEST
ROOF-SIGN
in the
WORLD



SEND THE NAMES AND GET A
TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

What articles on large dial must the minute hand pass over, to have both hands form a straight line across the clock?

Send us the names of these articles and we will send you a free trial package of our new Dental Cream.

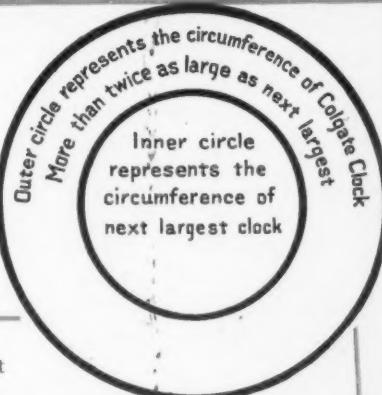
(Only one free package to a person. Offer in this periodical expires July 7th, 1908.)

The Colgate Clock, which overlooks the Hudson River from the top of the Colgate factory in Jersey City, is not only the largest clock in the world, but is more than twice as large as the next largest. Note this comparison:

Colgate Clock,	diameter 38 feet, area 1134 square feet
Philadelphia City Hall Clock,	diameter 25 feet, area 490 square feet
Westminster Clock, London,	diameter 22½ feet, area 398 square feet

Some idea of the enormous size of the Colgate Clock may be gained by the fact that twenty men placed shoulder to shoulder could stand across its face. The clock weighs approximately six tons. The minute hand is 20 feet long and travels at its point 23 inches every minute, or over half a mile each day.

Occupants of New York's greatest office buildings can set their watches by the Colgate Clock.



COLGATE & CO., Dept. W, 55 John Street, New York

The name "Colgate" on Soaps, Powders and Perfumes corresponds to the "Sterling" mark on silver